

Overcoming Strong Opposition of Enemy—English and Canadians Advance Against Ypres Front

Main Operation Carried Out in Terrain North of Ypres-Roulers Railway—Canadian Battalions, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Central Ontario, Passed Beyond Their Objectives and Captured Eminent Ground South of Paschendaele—In Other Areas Canadian Naval Brigade and London Territorials Retained Strong Points and Fortified Farms—Considerable Progress Made, Says Field Marshall Haig—Despite Continuous Rain and Flanders Mud.

(By Morning Bulletin Lead Wire)
LONDON, Oct. 26.—"Operations with limited objectives were undertaken by the French and British armies early this morning on the Ypres battlefield," says the official dispatch tonight. "After a day yesterday, with a fine drying wind which gave promise of improved fighting conditions, the weather changed suddenly during the night, and a heavy rain has fallen almost without a break since a very early hour this morning."

"Notwithstanding the great difficulties with which the allied troops had to contend, considerable progress has been made and valuable positions have been won on the greater part of the fronts attacked."

Main Operation

"The main operation was carried out by English and Canadian regiments on our front north of the Ypres-Roulers railway. Canadian battalions moved forward from the main ridge in the direction of Paschendaele, and passing beyond their objective, established themselves on the rising ground immediately south of the village."

"Other Canadian battalions with troops of an English naval brigade and battalions of London Territorials made further progress in the face of strong opposition along the spur between the main ridge and our positions and captured a number of strong points and fortified farms."

"East of Paschendaele, heavy fighting took place in which West Lancashire and North County troops were engaged at certain points. Substantial advances were made, resulting in the capture of the village of Bixschote, and the capture of the village of Bixschote, and the capture of the village of Bixschote."

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SIX TONS OF BOMBS: TASTE OF REPRISAL

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Six tons of bombs were dropped by the British aviators on the Burbach Works, west of Saarbrücken, Wednesday night, says a British official communiqué. The communication adds that four hostile airplanes also were attacked, four of which were destroyed and three others were damaged. The bombs were dropped on a group of hangars.

DRIVING BACK HUNS STILL ON AISNE FRONT

French Achieve Further Gains; Take Fortified Villages

GUNS CAPTURED NOW NUMBER 160

Two Surprise Attacks in Champagne Break Down Under Siege

PEACE BOULD BE TREASON, HE SAYS

Commitment to Jail in Paris Pending Investigation of Suspicious Deal

FRENCH POLICE TRIUMPHED OVER FINEST DIVISIONS OF GERMAN ARMY

WITH THE FRENCH ARMIES IN FRANCE, OCT. 26.—(By the Associated Press.)—However great may be the success achieved by the French armies in the Ypres region, it will be small compared with the success achieved by the French police in the Ypres region.

CONSTANT BATTLE WITH FIRE ON WAY ACROSS ATLANTIC

Trying Experience of Crew of British Steamer on Voyage from Europe

TO KNOCK ITALY OUT OF THE WAR

Object of Desperate Austro-German Effort, Says Lord Northcliffe

BIBLED COUNCIL TO OBTAIN LICENSE

On the right bank of the Moselle (Verden) front, the artillery fighting has been very active. The French have been particularly successful in the attack on the village of Bixschote. The French have been particularly successful in the attack on the village of Bixschote.

POLISH LEGION IN U.S. FOR EUROPE

Project of Ignace Paderewski Approved by American War Department

BUTTER DOWN IN CHICAGO 3 TO 6 CTS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—The butter market here today was a day of bitter fighting. The price of butter fell from 14 cents to 13 cents. The price of butter fell from 14 cents to 13 cents.

BRAZIL HOUSE U.S. SENATOR WILL DECLARE FOR STATE OF WAR

President Authorized to Give Effect to Duties' Decision

VOTE OF CHAMBER WAS 149 AGAINST 1

Great Pro-Ally Demonstration in the Capital of Paraguay

ONLY HARMFUL TO DEMOCRACY

Refuses to Participate in International Socialist Conference

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CANADA'S SONS HAVE WON BACK FROM GERMANS LAST BIT OF GROUND LOST AT ST. JULIEN

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Central Ontario Battalions Took Part in Attack Which Won Back Last Bit of Ground Lost at St. Julien

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Red Cross Work in The Surgeon Riding

Being an Account of a Three Day Motor Trip on the Victoria Trails—By Mrs. Nellie L. McClung.

An automobile party left Edmonton on October 13 to go into the country north-east of the city in the interest of Red Cross work.

Mr. H. N. Matheson, of Namsa, who has done much splendid service for the Red Cross, was the organizer and driver of the party. The party consisted of the Local Improvement districts in the Surgeon riding have been at the advantage of the set which allows them to levy for the Patriotic tax, and now when provision has been made in this way for the Patriotic fund, it seems reasonable to think that a more definite and systematic campaign can be made for the Red Cross. Red Cross funds in Alberta have been raised in a great variety of ways but without any particular system, or continuity. Mr. Matheson's plan of campaign is to go to a committee in each of the several districts to canvass every ratepayer and turn in a large monthly amount to the head office in Edmonton. When the money looking over the financial part, the women will be free to form other circles and increase the amount of work sent in.

The party consisted of Miss Nellie L. McClung, of Namsa; Mrs. McClung, of Edmonton; Mrs. H. N. Matheson, of Namsa; and Mrs. Stockman, lately returned from France.

The first place visited was North Park, where the party arrived, owing to a blowout, but a faithful band of women had gathered at the school, and in spite of the busy time, and the fact only one or two were away from the school, they were very ready to welcome the party. Some of the women had walked there, some had brought their children with them.

There was Mrs. C. H. Matheson, a well-known knitter, who has done 25 pairs of socks for the Red Cross, and Mrs. H. N. Matheson, who has done 25 pairs of socks for the Red Cross, and Mrs. H. N. Matheson, who has done 25 pairs of socks for the Red Cross.

Leaving North Park we came back to the Victoria trail, and made our way to Pakan, where we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, former minister of the Victoria trail, and Mrs. Sutton, of Namsa. Mrs. Sutton, of Namsa, was the wife of the late Mr. Sutton, who was a well-known worker in the Victoria trail. Mrs. Sutton, of Namsa, was the wife of the late Mr. Sutton, who was a well-known worker in the Victoria trail.

Entertained At Hospital.

We were entertained at the hospital, and greatly enjoyed our visit with Miss Barry, the matron, and other staff. Miss Barry, of Edmonton, was the wife of the late Mr. Barry, who was a well-known worker in the Victoria trail.

Free To PILE SUFFERERS

Don't Be Caught In The Trap. This is the first time that anyone has been caught in the trap of the Red Cross. The Red Cross is a well-known organization, and its work is well-known to all.

Let Me Prove This Free

I have written a book on the treatment of the Red Cross. It is a book that will prove to you that the Red Cross is a well-known organization, and its work is well-known to all.

Free Pile Remedy

Dr. H. N. Matheson, of Namsa, is the author of this book. It is a book that will prove to you that the Red Cross is a well-known organization, and its work is well-known to all.

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FUND OFFICIALS WANT TO HEAR AMES' PLANS

Northern Alberta Branch of Patriotic Organization Awaiting Definite Information

Edmonton, Oct. 26.—(By Special Telegram) A delegation from the Canadian Patriotic Fund, which waited on the prime minister and the minister of finance today, has been invited to make a contribution to the fund. The fund was established in 1917, and is now being raised by the government.

One of the best things the war has done for our country is to bring together in common effort and sacrifice the people of all provinces, both political and municipal, and to give to the people a sense of unity and purpose. The fund is a well-known organization, and its work is well-known to all.

Canada is a divided country at this present moment, and it is a well-known fact that the people of all provinces, both political and municipal, are working together in common effort and sacrifice.

Workers Not Advisers

But the great citizens now are not workers, but advisers. They are the people who are standing back and seeing the work of the Red Cross. They are the people who are standing back and seeing the work of the Red Cross.

Then we drove to Dr. Henry's residence, and found that the Red Cross was working there. The Red Cross is a well-known organization, and its work is well-known to all.

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Custom Tailoring is more important than ever this Season

Custom Tailoring is the only assurance of clothes satisfaction. It is your only guarantee of getting all wool fabrics, high quality workmanship, correct style and absolute perfect fit.

The ready-to-wear market is in an unsettled condition—many poor fabrics are being used, poor workmanship is employed and you get no guarantee of satisfaction.

Play safe. Buy good clothes—smart, individual refined clothes—in short, be a "Tip-tailored" man.

Our prices are very little above "Ready-made" and our quality unequalled.

J. L. Tipp & Co.

Tailors—10172 101st Street.

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Thurs, Fri, & Sat, Nov. 8, 9, 10

A Regular Minstrel Show, with many new, amusing and attractive features.

Keep one of these dates open for the biggest local show hit of the season

The End-Men Alone will be Worth the Price

Proceeds will be devoted to the Charitable and Patriotic Work of the Club.

TICKETS: \$1.00, 75c and 50c

May be obtained from any member of the Rotary Club or at the Theatre.

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Be Assisted in Your Decision

Let them, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Matheson, and others of the greatest opera stars aid you in your choosing. Without exception the most renowned artists have elected

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F. F. BALLY CO. OF CANADA LTD., HAMILTON, CAN.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1917.

PAGE THREE

FIRST AID IS GREAT HELP TO TROOPS

Col. R. J. Birdwhite of St. John Ambulance, Tells of Good Work Done

The last 150,000 Canadian troops sent overseas were given instruction in first aid to the injured under a scheme of the St. John Ambulance association and reports which have since been received from the battlefield in France give ample testimony to the value of this training. Colonel Birdwhite, of Ottawa, told the H. I. T. 17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1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Racing Football Shooting

WEATHER WAS NO DETERRENT TO BALL GIRLS

Two Senior and Two Junior Games Played—Half-Way in Series

Despite the inclement weather of the past week, for outside games, the High School girls managed to run off two senior and two junior basketball games, and by so doing reached the half-way point in their series.

Commercial and Stars
The competition in the senior league has narrowed down to Commercial High and the Victoria Stars, most of the other teams being considered over outside chances. Although the girls from Commercial High have come to the front, rapidly in their last two games. With one victory over the Stars to their credit, the Commercial girls have the call for the championship game, which will be played on Monday night at 8 o'clock.

Scots and Commercial
In the junior series the Commercial youngsters by two points in their first meeting and the latter team to turn the tables next week, evenly as the game will be played on the business girls' court. In event of a win for Commercial, a play-off will be required to determine a winner.

Senior Games
The first senior game during the week was played between Victoria and Commercial. The latter girls dominated the affair, probably receiving hope from the fact that in competing against their more ex-

perienced opponents. What the game was or if it was a surprise, was almost a series of humorous incidents. The girls were splendid imitations of the professional players. The score at the end of the first half was 15-10. The girls were energetic, with a jump the Stars emerging with a 20-15 lead at the half. At the end of the second half, the Commercial girls had the lead 25-15.

The result of the other game was a 20-15 win for Commercial. In particular, the one-sided score, Commercial High winning easily from 20-15 to 25-15. The game was played in front of a large audience, but the Commercial girls were away off color, missing shot after shot, even while directly under the basket.

On the other hand, the Commercial girls played a nice passing game and shot well. The McDonald defense also had something on their opponents, while the play at centre was very even. A. F. Page refereed.

These games leave the standing as follows:

Team	W	L	P	A
Commercial High	4	0	142	8
Victoria Stars	2	2	87	42
McDonald High	2	2	81	46
Scots High	2	2	83	48
Victoria Crescents	4	0	141	117

Junior Series
In the junior series the Technical School was drawn twice, and lost both games, the first of Commercial High by a score of 25-15, and the second to Scots by a score of 25-15. The Technical girls have had very little opportunity to practice, but proved themselves good sports by continuing each game to the first minute of the play.

The Commercial forwards took a test out of their seniors but over-embarrassed the basket from all angles, while the defense checked exceedingly well.

The experience gained in this game enabled the "Techs" to do better against the "Stars" youngsters, although the latter girls were new in any difficulty.

Standing
The junior standing:

Team	W	L	P	A
Strathcona High	2	0	34	24
Commercial High	2	0	34	24
Technical High	0	2	14	48

BALTIMORE MAY GET INTO AMERICAN

Lewis May Be Settled by Transfer of the Washington Franchise

New York, Oct. 26.—Another angle to the Baltimore Federal-organized ball suit has developed and there is a possibility that the matter will be settled by giving Baltimore the Washington franchise in the American League and putting up Toronto, if it is conceded to win in the American League.

On the other hand, the Federal-organized ball suit has developed and there is a possibility that the matter will be settled by giving Baltimore the Washington franchise in the American League and putting up Toronto, if it is conceded to win in the American League.

Washington for several years has been a white elephant on the hands of the American League. A stockholder of the Baltimore Federal League club has stated "We would be glad to have the Baltimore franchise, but we are not willing to take on a major league city as a whole. The local team was one of the best patronized in the Federal League. The town has developed wonderfully since the American League days. If Baltimore is given a chance it will prove the strongest link of the American League chain."

An air of mystery pervades this Baltimore situation, which neither the American League nor the Federal League will discuss. The suit was brought to trial in a Philadelphia court a few months ago, but withdrawn after several days by the Baltimore club. Now, however, has it been organized ball is not only threatened with extinction but also has a competitor before Federal League element of the defunct outlaw organization.

At a special meeting of the National League, President John F. Tener was given full power to act for the league in the matter of the Baltimore club of the former Federal League. At that time he expressed his organization in consultation with legal advisers. At that time he expressed his organization in consultation with legal advisers.

The meeting was attended by the president of the National League club with the exception of St. Louis. Branch Rickey is unable to be present.

HUGGINS DECLINED OFFER OF \$10,000 FROM ST. LOUIS
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 26.—Branch Rickey, president of the St. Louis National League club, today told that he offered Al Huggins, who yesterday signed a contract to manage the New York Yankees, a salary of \$10,000 a year, plus ten per cent of all profits over \$25,000, if he would remain with the St. Louis club next season.

We have not signed anyone to take Huggins' place, Rickey said. I don't expect to make an announcement as to the management for some time.

NEW FRENCH LOAN
PARIS, Oct. 26.—The bill providing for a new government loan was passed unanimously today by the chamber without amendment.

Now that it is precisely where McAndrews comes into the breach and makes himself conspicuous. McAndrews is the box Tiltman at the National Club Battery field. If Eddie wins from Johnny it would be unnecessary to go through with the meeting Leonard and keeping the "junk" out of the game. The Tiltman-McAndrews match will be a battle for another battle, the winner to box Leonard.

The Leonard knockout. Until Leonard delivered his knock-out, and a very good one, McAndrews wasn't striking the words in the world. He was tearing along nicely and moving not far from Johnny. Just after he had got his second wind, awoke from the crasher and, Dope Eddie crashed to the floor. The staff was all off for that night. Other nights are coming. Eddie held in vain for a come-back at Leonard. Other nights are coming and Eddie is hopefully hoping to make a comeback.

He is granted another place, and punching with Leonard. They appeared each other twice, and McAndrews was in his feet at the finish of both frames. He was knocked out of the ring in the second round. He was knocked out of the ring in the second round.

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Sporting Facts and Fancies

Some of the baseball men paid big money to acquire the balls that were used in the world's series of baseball. They are still sitting on them, expecting them to hatch.

Jim Coffey, the Housewren Giant, may be all right in the heavyweights, but certainly not like thirty other men stacked up against the young lady who brought him against him for the first time. He was a contest in which he went down and out for the count, and it was a contest in which he lost the most not nothing but had to pay his head. The prize in this case was \$10,000 and evidently the young lady got in some hefty profits. Jim did not want to quit and, it is said, is willing to take off \$10,000 just take \$10,000 and forget it.

Some clerics in New Jersey are not particularly popular with the people. One of them, Rev. J. J. O'Connell, was recently kicked so hard that a golf ball in which he was playing was broken. He was playing golf in a golf course in New Jersey. He was playing golf in a golf course in New Jersey.

Van Gogh's Birthday
Van Gogh, the artist, was born on his thirtieth birthday. Van Gogh was christened Govaert. He was born on Oct. 27, 1852, in Groot Oudendijk, Holland. He was born on Oct. 27, 1852, in Groot Oudendijk, Holland.

Tragedy Put End to Policy's Career
Arthur Policy, a well-known actor, died on Oct. 27, 1884, just thirty-three years ago today. He started his acting career after changing his name from Arthur Policy to Arthur Policy. He started his acting career after changing his name from Arthur Policy to Arthur Policy.

Today in Pugilistic Annals
1915—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien knocked out Al Kaufman in the seventh round of a fight at the National Club Battery field. Al Kaufman was a well-known boxer. Al Kaufman was a well-known boxer.

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1919—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien knocked out Al Kaufman in the seventh round of a fight at the National Club Battery field. Al Kaufman was a well-known boxer. Al Kaufman was a well-known boxer.

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1921—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien knocked out Al Kaufman in the seventh round of a fight at the National Club Battery field. Al Kaufman was a well-known boxer. Al Kaufman was a well-known boxer.

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PLAY NO HOCKEY AT HARVARD VARSITY

Undergraduate Body Is Too Busy With War, in Season Given

Boston, Oct. 26.—Varsity and freshman hockey teams will miss this year, according to an announcement made by Frederick W. Moore, graduate Treasurer of the University Athletic Committee. The treasurer added that not even an informal team would be organized.

"The undergraduate body is too much occupied with war," was the reason given by Moore for abolishing the sport. Not a single hockey team remains at Harvard.

PATRICK'S CHANGES GIVE PROMISE OF SPEEDIER GAME
Proposes to Legalize Blocking or Kicking of Puck in Central Ice

Frank Patrick, president of the Pacific Coast Hockey Association, has made a number of important changes in the rules governing the game in relation to the play of the puck. He has proposed to legalize blocking or kicking of the puck in the center of the ice.

Patrick, who has been in the game for many years, has proposed to legalize blocking or kicking of the puck in the center of the ice. He has proposed to legalize blocking or kicking of the puck in the center of the ice.

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CRICKET ONCE WAS THE VOGUE IN AMERICA

National Game of United States in 1850; Baseball Then in Embryo

Boston, Oct. 26.—The first national game of the United States was cricket, which was played in 1850. Baseball was then in its infancy.

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ASK FOR A TRESS HAT
HAT UNPARALLELED
FOR QUALITY—ALL FIRST CLASS HATERS—AND FASHION

FROM
TRESS & CO. LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND

Don't miss this opportunity to see the latest in hat fashion. Tress & Co. Ltd. is the only place in London where you can see the latest in hat fashion. Tress & Co. Ltd. is the only place in London where you can see the latest in hat fashion.

STORAGE BATTERY
600
SERVICE STATION

Why Not Be Sure?

Even if it cost you good money to have an expert test your battery regularly, you'd have it done, just to be sure that it wouldn't suddenly quit.

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THE MOTOR CAR SUPPLY CO., LTD.
10623 JASPER AVE.
(CORONA HOTEL BLK.)

STORAGE BATTERY

EDDIE M'ANDREWS AFTER BOUT WITH LEONARD, BUT MUST DISPOSE OF TILLMAN FIRST

Eddie McAndrews was knocked out in less than five minutes of the bout last night a year ago, since which momentous occasion Sir Leonard, banker, diamond, pleaded and pleaded for his life. He was knocked out in less than five minutes of the bout last night a year ago, since which momentous occasion Sir Leonard, banker, diamond, pleaded and pleaded for his life.

WAR TAXES TAKE GOOD SLICE OFF WORLD PLAYERS

Those fat purses which the world's best players drew when the war was on, and which were reduced by just eight per cent of the regular income tax which was levied on the money, have now been reduced by just eight per cent of the regular income tax which was levied on the money.

FITZ GAVE HIM WHAT HE ASKED
Policeman Asked the Dead Master Pled to Hit Him—He Did

On one occasion, a few years back, Bob Fitzsimmons was having a fight with a man named John. Fitzsimmons was having a fight with a man named John. Fitzsimmons was having a fight with a man named John.

Big Game Hunters' Supplies!

Our new Fall Catalogue No. 64 listing all Hunters' and Trappers' Supplies may be had on application.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Ltd.
WINNIPEG AND EDMONTON
Edmonton Branch 10142 101st Street, Phone 2333.

Monarch Bowling Alleys
BETTER THAN EVER
OPEN FOR THE SEASON
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1917

Al over town you will see the good dressers wearing Wolthausen Hats
Made in Canada

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NEXT WEEK'S
ATTRACTIONSJANE COWL, STAR IN GOLDWYN
PICTURES, IN "THE SPREADING
DAWN" AT THE EMPRESS

Jane Cowl, famous emotional actress, returns to the first three days of next week at the Empress theatre in "The Spreading Dawn". The picture is a story of a woman who is driven to madness by the loss of her only child.

From the foregoing statement the name of "Within the Law" and "Common Law" is a telling New York picture in the play of the season. "The Spreading Dawn" is the most beautiful woman in the American continent, alone today. "The Spreading Dawn" is a story of a woman who is driven to madness by the loss of her only child.

But Jane Cowl is very serious about it. To the women, especially in professional life, she believes beauty is an incubus and she particularly to prove her case. "My first realization that beauty was a hindrance came when I saw Edna Barrymore in 'The Spreading Dawn'."

Empire Theatre-

Phone 2185
Last Times Today!"MASQUE
OF LIFE"

The biggest film show on earth.

2 Matinees Today, 10.30
for Children and 2.30
for Anybody

PRICES

Children's Matinee 10 Cents for
Children; 20 Cents for Adults
Afternoon Matinee, Any Seat
25c; Evening, 25c and 50c.

EMPRESS

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY
GOLDWYN PRESENTS
AMERICA'S GREATEST EMOTIONAL ACTRESS

JANE COWL

IN

'The Spreading Dawn'

By BASIL KING

A FAMOUS STORY KNOWN BY MILLIONS THROUGH ITS
PUBLICATION IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

Valeska

Suratt

IN

The Victim

MUTT AND JEFF

COMEDY

MON, TUES, WED, NOV 6, 7

W. S. Hart in 'The Square Deal Man'

PATHE WEEKLY

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PATHE WEEKLY

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Sunday Services in City Churches

Salvation Army Young Peoples Work In Alberta

North Edmonton Corps Captures Prize for Best Showing in Western Canada

During the Salvation Army conference, which was in session in the Capital City during the early part of the week, the department was given so much attention that which is at work amongst the young people of this denomination. The term "Sunday School" as understood by church people is generally not used by the Salvation Army. All branches of the army are working amongst the young people of all ages in classes under the heading of the "Young People's Work." Commissioner Bowden, who has been in attendance at the conference, has gone into the reports of the activities for the past year very enthusiastically. At the close of the convention it was announced that in almost every department, at each of the Alberta Corps a distinct improvement was in evidence.

Included under the heading of the Young People's work is the Girls' Club, Primary Classes, Junior Classes, Young Women's League, and the Young People's League. At the close of the conference, branches of these being at work in many of the corps throughout the division.

A special campaign for the improvement of this work amongst the young people was launched in the successful days throughout Canada West, last January and February.

The following are some of the reports from the various corps:

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA ON BABY

Spread Covering Body. Awful Disfigurement. Itched and Burned. Had to Scratch.

"My baby was troubled with eczema which began on her face and spread over her body. It was in a rash and itched and burned, causing awful disfigurement. The rash itched and burned making her scratch herself and she had no sleep."

"Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. My baby was healed with six boxes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Henry Hichard, Murray Harbor, B. C., April 2, 1917.

You may rely on Cuticura for relief from skin, scalp, head and hand. For Free Sample Card by Mail address postpaid, "Cuticura Dept., Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

DON'T PUNISH the sick child by forcing him to swallow nauseous mixtures. Children dread these remedies, and this leads them to hide the little ills until serious trouble results. Most of children's troubles originate in constipation and disorders of the stomach. To correct these conditions you will find nothing better than

Chamberlain's Tablets

One tablet at bedtime will do the work and make your child bright and sunny the following morning. The tiny tablets are small, the stomach cleansed and the bowels purified. Little folks appreciate them.

25 cents at all dealers, or from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Good for children

THINK OF FORDS

LINES-BRAKE LTD.

Dealers, 102nd Street, South of Jasper, Edmonton.

Ask any of Your Neighbors Who Own a Ford About It.

YOU TOO SHOULD OWN ONE

CALL AND SEE US OR TELEPHONE

and we will call on you no matter where you live.

Baptist

First Baptist Church—102nd street and 122nd avenue. Oliver O. Hore, pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The great gospel drive begins on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Highland Park Presbyterian Church—Sabbath services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

University Service—The University Service will be held at the University of Alberta. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Methodist—The Methodist Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Anglican—The Anglican Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Presbyterian—The Presbyterian Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Evangelical—The Evangelical Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

United Brethren—The United Brethren Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Episcopal—The Episcopal Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Quaker—The Quaker Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Seventh Day Adventist—The Seventh Day Adventist Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Disciples—The Disciples Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Christian—The Christian Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Evangelical Free—The Evangelical Free Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

Presbyterian—The Presbyterian Church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning. The church will be open for the great gospel drive on Sunday morning.

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News of the Boys' Clubs In City Churches

THE FIRST BAPTIST. The first Baptist church here, are down to business, having daily recited the necessity of being organized. They held a meeting on Friday, October 26th, and arranged a winter program.

JOHN HAN. The church of the Holy Trinity is progressing rapidly. About two of the standards have been completed. The church is now in the process of being organized. The church is now in the process of being organized.

UNION JACKS. The Knox Union Jacks of the boys' club, held a meeting on Tuesday night, October 23rd, in King's Church. The church is now in the process of being organized.

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THE CHIEF CHAP OF LOVELY WOMEN

Soft Chen, Smooth Skin Comes the Use of "FRUIT-ACTIVE"

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Westminster Church Services

SUNDAY, OCT. 28th

Preacher, Morning and Evening

Rev. Prin. Dyde D.D.

Song Service, 7 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.

Rev. Prin. Dyde D.D.

Song Service, 7 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.

Rev. Prin. Dyde D.D.

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Rev. Prin. Dyde D.D.

Song Service, 7 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.

Over a Million

MORE than two million Ford cars have been made and sold, and more than 140,000 of this vast number have been "Made in Canada".

The Ford enjoys the largest sale of any motor car, because it represents the greatest motor car value. Its name has always stood for low cost, and the car has everywhere given satisfactory service.

Ford Endurance, Ford Dependability, and Ford Universal Dealer Service have made the Ford car universally popular.

Every third car in Canada today is a Ford. The judgment and decision of these 2,000,000 satisfied Ford owners should convince you that the Ford is a superior car, and equal to your needs.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

EDMONTON URBAN DEALERS

THE FREEMAN Co, Ltd., 10710 99th Street

LINES-BRAKE Ltd., 10027 102nd Street

Dealers, 102nd Street, South of Jasper, Edmonton.

LET THE SOLDIERS AT HOME READ ABROAD

VETERAN TELLS GRAPHIC STORY OF FIGHTING LINE

J. E. Chilton Describes Encounter With Germans in Trench During Attack

The Prairie Times of Indianapolis, Ind., published a stirring account of events in the fighting line given by a returned veteran, J. E. Chilton, of this city, on April 14th, 1918, and was transferred to the daily "Sun" through the battle line. He was there on the line, and took part in numerous battles, including the capture of Leiria, France, which occurred during an attack on February 13th, 1917, described as follows:

Eight hundred brave Canadian boys had been forward at the signal given by the artillery when the big guns opened up with a terrific barrage that poured into the machine guns, set in advance against the position, and then the Canadians moved them down unharmed, and the line was held in place. At the time the unharmed reached the second position to prevent any reinforcements from being sent forward. The Canadians were fighting hand to hand with the Germans in the trenches. The Germans were being driven back by the Canadians, and the Canadians were being driven back by the Germans. The Canadians were being driven back by the Germans, and the Germans were being driven back by the Canadians.

In the narrow confines of a trench, the Canadians were being driven back by the Germans, and the Germans were being driven back by the Canadians. The Canadians were being driven back by the Germans, and the Germans were being driven back by the Canadians. The Canadians were being driven back by the Germans, and the Germans were being driven back by the Canadians.

Chilton stayed to one side and saw a lot of 17 men coming out with the machine guns, and the Canadians were being driven back by the Germans, and the Germans were being driven back by the Canadians.

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How Information Can Be Obtained About Casualties

In view of the fact that the Canadian military authorities overseas are almost swamped with inquiries in regard to casualties among the Canadian troops at the front, the Military Department has thought it advisable to issue a statement showing how information may best be obtained, and describing the method employed by the authorities in handling such information.

To begin with, it is stated that all inquiries with regard to casualties in the Canadian forces should be addressed to the Director of Records, Military Headquarters, Ottawa, and not to the authorities overseas. Information with regard to casualties is disseminated from London, and is received, and consequently the records office here is not aware of it at the earliest possible period.

Sometimes, when casualties are heavy, it takes as long as two weeks to get details at the records office in London, but as soon as these details are available they are cable to Ottawa. Information is then sent to the next of kin by telegram at the expense of the soldier's estate. Sometimes, if the information is received by the next of kin by direct cable from the military headquarters office, but of course the Military Department can only issue information which has been confirmed.

Procedure Followed.
The procedure in obtaining information, in order to reply to inquiries regarding missing men, whose names have appeared on the casualty list, is as follows:

In case of death, wounds, or serious illness, first reports reach the records office by cable. In the event of death, occurring or the condition becoming worse, the report is received through the same channel.

Class "A."—For men honorably discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "B."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "C."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "D."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "E."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "F."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "G."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "H."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "I."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "J."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "K."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "L."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "M."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

Class "N."—For those who have been discharged after active service in the Canadian forces, the records office will issue a certificate of discharge, which may be accompanied by discharge certificates, for men who have served in the C.E.F. and "D" men, who have been medically discharged, and so on.

through the same channel. In all other cases further particulars, with the exception of replies to enquiries from this office, reach the records office by mail.

On receipt of a telegram or letter asking for information, the casualty records are searched to ascertain if any later information than that already in the possession of the writer has been received. If there is any, it is once sent to the writer.

If none has been received an acknowledgment of the telegram or letter is sent, and the writer is notified that enquiry is being made as to the present condition and whereabouts of the soldier and the reply, when received, will be communicated to them.

All enquiries of this nature are then sent to the section (known as the War Service section) each day, according to the number received. The section is in charge of records, London, taking the present condition and whereabouts regarding those concerned, whom enquiries have been received. These cables are forwarded in code. A record is kept of the soldier enquired about, the person who makes the enquiry, and the date on which it is sent to England.

On receipt of such "A-Z" cable from England, steps are at once taken to develop the same and to communicate the information received with the least possible delay to all concerned. A portion of the cable works each Sunday so as to expedite the information being communicated to those concerned. The report is also entered on the casualty records of the other or main reference.

Copies of all telegrams and letters received, or sent are placed on the individual file of each officer and soldier.

Applications will, after completion, be forwarded to the officer, war War Service section, Headquarters, Military District No. 13, Calgary, from whence they will be forwarded to the headquarters, from district headquarters.

No badges will be issued to any person who has been obviously unfit for service during the war, or whose enlistment has been going on, or any other person who was held in the military unit, for reasons which would have caused him to be placed in medical category "D."

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Cheer His Christmas Overseas

with the gift that will outlast the Christmas season, and even the war itself—what will serve his comfort, and for convenience every day he is serving his country, and for many years of peace to follow.

Good razors are scarce and hard to get in Europe—today, so every Canadian warrior is welcomed at the front. To the man who in peace enjoyed your standard of living, a clean, fresh Gillette shave every morning is a precious possession.

Mail orders are congested—shippers slow. Send his Gillette early!

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED,
Office and Factory: Gillette Building, Montreal.

Lost \$50,000,000 in Ships In One Hour's Sea Fight

250,000 SHELLS PRODUCED DAILY IN FRANCE NOW

Was Turning Out Only 13,000 Started

New York, Oct. 21.—France has for a year been producing 250,000 shells a day for the famous 75's, as compared with 13,000 daily when the war began, Andre Tardieu, high French commander in the United States, said in a statement made here. It is a record of credit voted by France from August of 1914 until America entered the conflict was nearly 21,000,000 shells, of which more than thirteen million were for the French people. Mr. Tardieu's statement reads:

"The number of shells produced in the first year of the war was only 13,000 shells a day for '75's. In the year 1917 we have been able to turn out 250,000 shells a day. In 1918 we have been able to turn out 250,000 shells a day. Now we have more than 250,000 shells a day."

CUT THIS OUT

TREATMENTS ARE BROADENED IN THEIR SCOPE

Major Macdonald Presents Valuable Reports to Military Hospitals Commission

Major R. T. Macdonald, the eminent authority on physical therapy, who has been assisting the Military Hospitals Commission during the past two months, has concluded his report on the physical therapy of the war, and has presented it to the commission in the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Toronto.

Major Macdonald, a Canadian, whose chief fame was achieved in the United States, was awarded a special mention in the report of the commission. His report on the physical therapy of the war, and has presented it to the commission in the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Toronto.

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Noblemen

These men smoked one lab?

These men smoked one lab?

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The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

FATHER AND ELEVEN SONS JOIN THE COLORS



John Taylor (third from left in front row), of Crystal Springs, Miss., and ten of eleven sons who donned khaki. His ten daughters are doing Red Cross work.

KING GEORGE VISITS AMERICAN PATROL SHIP



To his left is Lt.-Com. Fredericks, U.S.N.

STUDYING IN CANADA



Frederic W. Kough, editor of "American Industries," who is in Montreal for the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States to study Canadian methods of training returned soldiers.

J. H. ASHDOWN



Winnipeg capitalist, who has been appointed a director of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. Ashdown is an ex-mayor of the Manitoba capital.

TO ASSIST REGISTRAR



Mrs. P. I. Nolan, of Calgary, widow of the late P. J. (Paddy) Nolan, K.C., the famous criminal lawyer, who has been appointed to help the Alberta registrar under the Military Service Act.

EDWARD BARROW



President International Ball League, again mentioned as successor to Ban Johnson.

NEW BRITISH ATTACHE AT WASHINGTON



Brig.-General James D. McLachlan, D.S.O., who succeeds Col. Murrough O'Brien. Gen. McLachlan won the D.S.O. in 1914, and was severely wounded. Col. O'Brien returns to active service.

"BOB" FITZSIMMONS



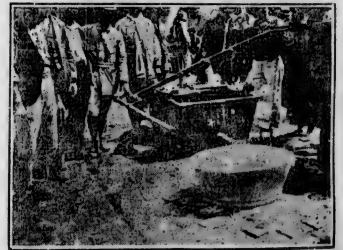
Revivalist and former heavyweight champion of the world, who passed away from pneumonia on Monday, while telegrams from sporting men throughout the world flooded his bedside wishing him success in his battle with death. This picture is from his latest photograph and shows him accompanied by his latest wife.

TOM LONGBOAT



Wonderful Canadian Indian runner, the report of whose death at the front is not believed.

WHY SALONIKA BURNED



With equipment like this the great fire raged unchecked. This fire engine, filled by hand, held 25 gallons, and was exhausted in 45 seconds.

CAPT. "BOB" PEARSON



Recently chosen at the head of the poll by Alberta soldiers at the front as their special representative in the Alberta legislature. Before the war Capt. Pearson was secretary of the Calgary Y.M.C.A. He went overseas with the 89th battalion as a combatant officer, was severely wounded and transferred to the Y.M.C.A. work among the Canadian forces at the front.

CAPT. HAMILTON FISH



Former football star starts gridiron work for men at the National Army Camp. Capt. Hamilton Fish, a graduate of the college football field, and later of the officers' training camp, retains his love for the great old gridiron game.

UNCLE SAM'S BALLOON SCHOOL



Free balloons ready for a flight at Fort Omaha, Neb. Before a student can be commissioned as a first lieutenant in the U.S. army he must make seven of these flights. One of them must be at night, and one of them alone. The training school is located at Fort Omaha, Neb.

ONE OF BRITAIN'S NELSONS



Commodore Sir R. Tyrwhitt, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C., with his flag lieutenant, on board his flagship. Commodore Tyrwhitt is only the second post-captain in history to receive the K.C.B., the last occasion being 75 years ago.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS OF WEEK

**TREES TRANSFORMING PRAIRIE;
HOMESTEADS SUPPLIED WITH
PRACTICAL SHELTER BELTS FREE**

**Forestry Department Co-operated With Farmers in Planting 7,450,000
Trees on Prairies of Three Provinces—Deciduous Trees Supplied**

[illegible][illegible]

is placed in similar migratory patterns, as observed by an Inquirer who also visited northern Saskatchewan.

In 1916, Inquirer came ashore with 327 applications and plantations, and 115,126 there was a decrease to 102,262 locations. The decrease is due to the scarcity of labor and the high cost of carrying the lumber to the coast, during the summer of 1916.

—The Inquirer.

NO. 7: Turn it back.

About eighty per cent. of the trees planted have turned out hardy, and therefore have been failures. It has been largely the trees which have been planted in rental form, the cultivators of the land, and the Government of Canada, only about five per cent. of the trees planted have been failures. The forest superintendents have been successful in planting the trees in the best places, and among the successful ones have been the trees which have been planted in rental form.


FREE SAMPLE COUPON
PYRAMID FRUIT COMPANY
 56 Pyramid Bldg. Marshall, Mich.
 Kindly send me a Free sample of
 Pyramid Fruit in plain wrapper.
 Name
 Street
 City State

phonograph

advancement in the field
appointment of this firm



for the distribution of this instrument also marks an entry of this store. We con-
 sult to offer to the public
 ment in the phonograph



you have heard of other

will appreciate the ob-
RR. **STYLE IN \$200.00**

nder why the tone is different. It is so clear, full,—
the fundamental principles of tone production are
died. Tone building is an art and only when it is
and its principles understood and applied can the

phonograph will be of great interest to you and we
in and see it and let us explain its superior qual-
near the STARR'S rich tone, pure in all the reality
of the artist, you will be convinced that it is dif-
come to the fullest realization that this is the instru-
ment waiting for,—the instrument of the greatest

es to add to your home.
e give informal Demonstrations and Recitals daily.
ted when you call. \$65.00 to \$235.00

HENRY COMPANY

1

An Income For Life—Our Free Christmas Gift

FINE FURS

TO THE WINTER-TIME MATRON AND MISS:
FASHION SAYS FURS!

FURS IT WILL BE!

Muffs and Neckpieces of Every Kind Are Here
in Abundance

Because these offerings were bought early, we are able to
offer them at very reasonable prices—as you will be quite
to note:

Island Fur Sets	\$ 18.50 to \$ 27.50
Black Wolf Sets	\$27.50, \$35.00, \$45.00, \$55.00
Civet Cat sets	\$ 35.00 to \$ 55.00
Raccoon Sets	\$ 27.50 to \$ 55.00
Japanese sets	\$ 55.00 to \$ 75.00
Black and Red Fox Sets	\$ 85.00 to \$125.00
Ermine Sets	\$ 85.00 to \$125.00
Mink Sets and Capes	\$125.00 to \$275.00
Ermine sets	\$150.00 to \$195.00

Great Opportunities in Fur Purchases For Gussing
on House and Lot.

FORBES-TAYLOR CO.

10514-18 Jasper W.

EVERYONE who watched this space, as advised, will be
pleased to know that

Walter W. Hutton

of The Sun Life Assurance Co.

has this space to use for: a series of "Insurance Talks."

Home Electric Light & Power Co.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR
DELCO LIGHT PRODUCTS

Send us a Copy of Your Plans and Let us Estimate on Your
Wiring Job.

Ask for illustrated catalogue of
DELCO LIGHT

ELECTRICITY FOR EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE.
10028 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

DON'T Let the Cold Weather Catch You Unprepared

Be in time and purchase one of our splendid,
sty, warm overcoats.

The selection now is large. Select your own
or, anywhere the rest is on.

BPA TAILORED MAN. The price is very lit-
er than the ready-made product, and you get
absolute satisfaction.

Full Suitings in Great Variety, at Right Prices, and
A HOUSE FOR NOTHING, AT

Robinson Tailoring Co.

BULBS FOR WINTER BLOOMING:

Hyacinths \$1.50 doz., affodils 75c doz.,
Tulips 35c doz.

Our first shipment has just arrived from Holland. The
finest quality of bulbs you can secure. We advise buying
your bulbs at once owing to the great scarcity.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR PLANTING

Walter Ramsay, Limited

10218 Jasper Ave., or

FLORISTS

Phone 82444



OUR SPECIAL
Ladys Wrist Watch

This is a guaranteed watch in fine quality
gold filled case, with gold filled bracelet. \$13.75

D. A. KIRKLAND
THE QUALITY JEWELER

Stanfield's Two-Piece
Heavy Wool Underwear
\$1.50 Per Garment

MARTIN'S

Phone 2031 The Corner Namayo & Jasper

Your purchase ticket gives you an opportunity to win
the Bungalow

BULLETIN

THE above is a cut of the container which has been placed in full view in the windows
of the Bulletin office. The letters forming the word "BULLETIN" are made of metal,
open faced and covered with glass—they are approximately 6 1/4 inches long, 1 inch wide
and 1 1/2 inch deep, and are filled with Northern Alberta wheat.

One estimate is allowed with every dollar purchase from any of the merchants adver-
tising on these pages. Bring your receipt to The Bulletin office and receive your ballots.

Several More Carloads of New Designs in Furniture This Week

Including some very artistic Ivory Enamel Bed-room Furniture,
Walnut and Oak Dining-room Suites, and a splendid assortment of
Living-room Furniture.

ARTISTIC PERIOD DESIGNS AND
PRICED VERY MODERATELY.

Our aim is to keep this store in the forefront, both in range of dis-
play, correctness in design, and last but by no means least, to keep
the prices down to where they are within reach of the economical
buyer. When in need of Furniture, buy where you can have the ad-
vantage of a large range to select from.

BLOWEY-HENRY COMPANY

Sole Agents for Edmonton

"Let's Get Acquainted"

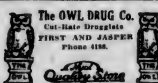
ROSSUM'S

"THE HOME OF HOME-
MADE CANDY"

Edmonton's newest
and most popular
Candy Shop and
Ice Cream Parlor.
Finest Fruits Obtained Fresh
Daily

ROSSUM'S

Corner Jasper and 2nd St.



The OWL DRUG Co.
Cut-rate Druggists
FIRST AND JASPER
Phone 418

Saturday and Monday
Prices

25c Biscuits Magnolia	45
25c Biscuits Maple	45
25c Biscuits Oatmeal	45
25c Biscuits Raisin	45
25c Biscuits Vanilla	45
25c Biscuits Wheat	45
25c Biscuits Whole Wheat	45
25c Biscuits Oatmeal	45
25c Biscuits Raisin	45
25c Biscuits Vanilla	45
25c Biscuits Wheat	45
25c Biscuits Whole Wheat	45
25c Biscuits Oatmeal	45
25c Biscuits Raisin	45
25c Biscuits Vanilla	45
25c Biscuits Wheat	45
25c Biscuits Whole Wheat	45



Have You Taken Ad-
vantage of Our \$1.00
Tickets Yet?

Eight, 15c, or Twelve 10c
Admissions for One Dollar
and a chance on the \$2,350
Free Bungalow, with ev-
ery ticket.

Have You Seen the Majes-
tic lately?

"The Majestic Shows Are
Always Good."

IF YOU BURN

Pembina Peerless Coal

YOU MAY WIN THE HOUSE AND LOT; IN ANY EVENT YOU
KNOW YOU ARE USING THE BEST COAL YOU CAN BUY.

Western Transfer & Storage Ltd.

Phones 5216 and 1631

UNIMPEACHABLE QUALITY!

HOBBERLIN'S New Fabrics of unimpeachable
quality, are tailored in smart, exclusive styles for
men who desire distinctive dress without being
faddish.
Hobberlin Clothes are individually cut by master cut-
ters, and tailored with care.
The result is, clothes with a personality, and of recog-
nized superiority.

Suit and Overcoat Values
\$22—\$25 \$30—\$35

Made to Measure or Ready to Wear

The House of Hobberlin Ltd.

A. G. CALDER, 12gr.

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Remember: You Get a Chance to Win the \$2,350 Free Bungalow
With Every Dollar You Spend Here.



"CHEVROLET" SALES
and SERVICE STATION
Now Located at

10151 108 Street

Don't Forget That Every Dollar
Spent With Us Entitles You to a
Guess on the House and Lot.

Nor' West Motors Ltd.

DISTRIBUTORS



MADE FROM THE RAW SKINS IN OUR OWN
WORK ROOMS.

TRUDEL Made Furs Have a Distinctive Per-
sonality Which Betray the Hand of an Artist.

Visit Our Factory and Show Rooms. Our Work
is its Own Recommendation.

L. TRUDEL

Buyers and Manufacturers of Raw Furs.

Our Receipts Give Our Customers an Opportunity of
Winning the \$2,350 Free Bungalow.

Graniteware Sale!

Our high-grade of 4-ozt blue and white enamelware at Half
Price and Less. On sale Monday, October 29th, for one week.

A FEW OF OUR SPECIALS

Coffee and Tea Pots	Regular \$1.00, Special	45c
Sink Drainers	Regular 50c, Special	30c
Sugar Bowls	Regular \$1.10, Special	50c
Pie Plates	Regular 30c, Special	15c
Mixing Bowls	Regular 45c, Special	20c
Mixing Bowls	Regular 75c, Special	35c

Sommerville Hardware Co. Ltd.

THE QUALITY HARDWARE HOUSE.

PHONE 6707

YOU MAKE
NO MISTAKE
WHEN YOU ORDER

BLACK
DIAMOND
COAL

You get full value with
every dollar's worth, and
an estimate on the \$2,350
Free Bungalow Contest.



PHONE 2424
10026 101-A Avenue
Phone 4736

JEWEL
The
Waltham

A gift, or for personal
use, nothing gets done
to a man than his
watch. Make it, therefore,
a good watch—a watch to
which he can feel an increas-
ing attachment as the years
go by—a Waltham. Whether
you just drop in when on
shopping or make a special
visit, you will enjoy looking
over the range of beautiful
Waltham now on hand. The
feeling of satisfaction their
beauty conveys is enhanced
by the knowledge that the
"Waltham" is the timepiece
of the world. See the
Walthams now.

Jackson Bros.
Leading Jewellers
9803 Jasper Ave.
Waltham Thin
Models from
\$10 Ladies'
Convertible
Wrist Watches
from \$15.

ESTABLISHED 1873
FIDELITY BANK

WE HAVE YOUR OWN INTERESTS AND WHEN solicitors for Albert T. Stewart, the said Mortgagee

are by maintaining The Bulletin Approved: H. JOHNSON, Registrar.

replying to these advertisements.

Approved: J. L. Crawford.

1

The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1917

LORD NORTHCLIFFE DOING BIG WORK IN U.S.

Is Head of World's Greatest Purchasing Agency, Spending Fifteen Hundred Million Dollars a Year

WHAT is the British War mission to the United States doing? The question is asked very seldom is it answered.

It includes peers of the British realm, several knights and officers, many distinguished officials of the English government departments, many business men of long standing, even thousands, would not be beyond the mark, of lesser figures. What are they all doing?

Lord Northcliffe left his newspapers, the London Times, the London and Paris Daily Mail, and many more, to cross the Atlantic. The man who was responsible for the smashing criticism which provided the British army with the right kind of shells and artillery after they had so long been suffering from the wrong kind, must have seen that there was important work to be done in the United States. Many millions of people in England thought the saving the country at such a time was a danger and might mean a disaster. Yet he came. Evidently for some weighty reason.

Lord Northcliffe is not a man who has ever done things without good and sufficient cause. He has devoted so much into his life that it is clear he has only paid attention to the things which matter. To have become one of the best known men in the world at the age of little over fifty, and to have carved his great position entirely for himself, indicates the possession of a very striking ability to decide between "urgent" and "not so urgent" activities. It is therefore plain that the motive behind Lord Northcliffe's consent to become head of the British War mission was an urgent motive. And the same is clear also of many of those who are assisting him. Sir Hardman Lever, Sir Thomas Royden, Sir Frederick Black, Sir Stevenson Kent, Sir Charles Gordon have given up their usual activities for the period of the war and are working hard in New York or Washington. What does it all mean?

At Headquarters

Come with me to the second floor of a vast office on Broadway. Here is a whole range of big rooms taking up ten thousand feet of floor space at a rental of \$22,500 a year. These rooms are filled with busy workers. They are fitted with the latest appliances. You would say they were the offices of some great industrial corporation.

So they are. The British Empire is at present the greatest industrial corporation in the world, though the United States will soon rival, and very likely pass it, when the war industries of this country are in full swing. All these people on the second floor of that vast Broadway office building are working out the transportation of enormous shipments of all kinds of freight from American ports to Great Britain.

Other branches of the mission, and there are a great many of them, are buying all that this sale of munitions sends across the ocean. Buying munitions of war, which means shells, guns, rifles, cartridges, explosives, at the rate of three million dollars a day, twenty-one million dollars a week, over a billion dollars a year. Buying grain, buying cotton, buying oil, buying mules and horses, buying hogs. Lord Northcliffe and his assistants are first, last and all the time spenders of money. Their work has other important sides to it, but this is a very large part of it. They form the biggest purchasing agency in the United States and in the world today.

If all the branches of the mission, with all those who are employed in its operations, were housed together in one building, it would have to be a building on the scale of the Equitable or the Woolworth. Lord Northcliffe himself estimates their number at a thousand. They are scattered all over the American continent. Their purchases put money into the pockets of millions of producers. Hundreds of factories are kept busy and prosperous making munitions. Farmers are getting good prices for their wheat and oats, their horses and their hogs. The southern planters find a brisk and profitable market for all the cotton they can supply. The oilfields and



LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

the refineries get their share of the stream of gold which pours forth continually from the mission offices.

Since the war began five billions of States by Great Britain on special war purchases. You can guess what kind of an organization is needed for doing business on this scale.

You can understand that transactions of so huge a character require the supervision of the ablest men that Britain can spare in this crisis of her history. For some long time the business was in considerable part most capably done through Messrs. Morgan under the gifted supervision of Edward Stettinius. Soon after the United States entered the war it became necessary to send a special mission to co-ordinate all that was being done. It is impossible to order material in such enormous quantities by cable. At the head of every different branch of this great purchasing agency there needs to be a man of experience and ability. Fortunately for all parties men of this stamp have put themselves promptly and willingly at the disposal of the country.

Distinguished Men

Lord Northcliffe's heads of departments, and some even of the assistants who are working under these heads, are all of them distinguished in their own lines. Sir Thomas Royden, for instance, who is at the head of the shipping branch, is one of the leading men in the Cunard company. T. Ashley Sparks is among the most capable of the younger men in that great organization. Captain Guthrie, in charge of the head office of the transport department in New York, has been connected with the shipping business for many years, and is also, by the way, an officer in the Guards, with whom he saw active service in France until he was seriously wounded.

Mr. Japp, who looks after the production of shells and suchlike, and makes very big contracts every week, such as the one recently signed for \$40,000,000 worth of powder, was the Scottish engineer in charge of the making of the East River tunnels for the British firm of Pearson. For some time he was second in command on the big job of building and running the immense munitions factory at Gretna Green, on the border between England and Scotland. This factory is nine miles long by three miles wide. Gretna Green used to be famous as the place whither runaway couples went to get married according to the very simple Scottish rite. Henceforward it will be still better known as

the site of one of the most wonderful efforts that Britain made during the great war.

Other Links

Sir Charles Gordon is one of Canada's foremost business men, a vice-president of the Bank of Montreal. Andrew Caird, another Scotsman and a schoolfellow, by the way, of Mr. Japp, holds in London an important position on the boards of the Associated Newspapers company and of Lord Northcliffe's vast enterprise in Newfoundland. Lieut.-Col. Campbell Stuart, military secretary of the mission, is of the greatest assistance and exceedingly popular with everybody. An assistant military attaché at Washington he is a link between the mission and the embassy, and as an officer of the Canadian army who raised a regiment himself and took it to the other side, he has experience and special knowledge which are of exceptional value. The Hon. Robert Brand, who comes of one of England's oldest families and is a brother of the present Lord Hampden, has made his mark in more than one field of activity. He displays a rare combination of financial and literary ability. He is a partner in the great Paris firm of Lazard Brothers and a leading contributor to the periodical which many consider the best thing of its kind being produced today, the Round Table. Sir Stephenson Kent, who is here on a temporary visit, is high among the coal producers of England. And so on all through the list.

I was in one of the branch offices of the mission a few days ago and saw a face I knew. It was the face of a man who is a partner in a firm which does business in a very large way in the Straits Settlements. He gave up his private affairs when war broke out and offered to serve his country in any way. He was too old for soldiering, so his abilities were used in other directions. There he is, occupying a position which is valuable aid, quite content to be "doing his bit."

When I heard that the cost of all office and management expenses for one of the biggest departments of the mission was very small, I asked how it could be done so cheaply. "It couldn't be done if we were working on an ordinary business basis," I was told. "If we had to pay the men who are doing the work the salaries they could earn under ordinary conditions, our expenses would be very heavy indeed of very light. But, you see, they are doing it for nothing in many cases and in others for a merely nominal

Britain Has Sent Many of Her Most Eminent Sons to Direct Business Between Allied Peoples

remuneration." Lord Northcliffe is, of course, among those whose services are given for nothing.

Britain's Best

Britain has sent the best men she could find to the United States on this purchasing errand because it is clear that at the present moment there is no more important work than this to be done. Upon the shipments from the United States depends in considerable measure the issue of the war. A short time ago there came a "hurry call" for oil that was needed urgently in the United Kingdom for war purposes. At once the mission headquarters got busy. The most prominent oil men in the country were asked for their assistance which they gave generously and with the most valuable result. "We swim in oil," Lord Northcliffe said humorously, "we breathed oil. The whole place seemed to reek of it." The result was a steady shipment of oil across the Atlantic, and "for this relief much thanks" came on the wings of the cable in return.

I met one of the men who had been up to his neck in oil at a dinner-table one evening. This was William Boyd, of the former shipping firm of Houlder, Weir & Boyd (of which another partner, Sir William Weir, is a member of the British air board). Beside him sat a man who I found could speak Russian like a Muscovite T. Sewright Catto, Scotch like Wm. Boyd, and a shipowner as well; he looks after the shipments that are being made to Russian ports for the benefit of the Russian army. With them were several other mission representatives. One had been buying and shipping hay. Another was a purchaser of horses and mules. A third was engaged in the shipbuilding industry. There was a man at the table who buys wheat to keep the armies in France and Flanders from suffering pangs of hunger or having to live chiefly on potatoes. There was a bacon expert whose duty it is to see that the soldiers in the trenches on the other side have their regular rasher for breakfast, and a cheese buyer who keeps these same soldiers supplied with one of their favorite meals, bread and cheese. There was an authority on sugar who had been entrusted with the task of purchasing as much as he could of that pleasant and necessary commodity.

Army of Inspectors

Then, apart from the purchasers, the British war mission has an army of inspectors under the control of a very able Indian officer, Col. Kenyon. Their duty it is to make sure that the purchases are "up to snuff." The inspectors are some of them army officers, some are civilian engineers. They not only look carefully over finished products; they also assist manufacturers with their expert advice. It speaks well for the good sense and modesty of those who direct American industries that such advice is attentively listened to and usually followed. The manufacture of munitions is a new line for many of the firms now engaged in it. They have much to learn, and they prove their efficiency by being willing and eager to profit by the counsel of those who have made it their special study.

Another British military officer of exceptional ability who has been sent to the United States is General W. A. White, head of the recruiting branch. This organization has done valuable work, largely by reason of the general's energy and engaging personality. Many people imagine that the British War mission occupies itself not only in recruiting but also in propaganda work. This is a mistake. There is no British "boosting" department in the United States, though Geoffrey Butler, one of the leading tutors in Cambridge university, has been in the country for some time directing such agencies as the British war films, which he has managed with conspicuous ability. In western cities these films were made the occasion of very striking and unusual demonstrations of approval and sympathy.

Still remains to be noted one of the most important activities of the mission. This is the work of the financial

(Continued on Page Eight)

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sion.

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SOX, in grey mixed yarn, sold ac-
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Pascall, Ltd., of England, we can
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British Toffee, large tin . . . 30c
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Pine Lozenges and Freshettes. . . 25c



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Fifty "Court Royal" Cigarettes, 1 tin Assorted Chocolates,
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Ginger Nuts, 1 tin Raspberries and Currants, 1 Solidified
Soup Square, 1 tin Fruit Cake, 1 tin Tabloid Tea, 1 tin Sar-
dines.

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To England or France for \$2.00
To Saloniki or Egypt \$2.15
To Mesopotamia or East Africa \$2.25

One tin Herrings and Tomato, 1 tin Potted Meat, 1 cake Cho-
colate, 1 tin Apricots, 1 tin Cocoa, 1 tin Acid Drops, 1 Solidi-
fied Soup Square.

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To Mesopotamia or Africa \$24.00

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tin Quaker Oats, 2 tins Baked Beans, 2 cakes Chocolate, 6 tins Pot-
ted Meats, 1 bottle Chef Sauce, 1 box Chow Chow, 1 tin Cocoa, 1 tin
Geno Cake, 2 tins Orange Marmalade, 1 tin Soup Squares, 1 tin
Evaporated Peaches, 1 tin French Plums, 1 tin Evaporated Apple
Rings, 3 tins Devonshire Butter, 3 tins Oxford Sausage, 1 tin Rich
Mixed Biscuits, 1 tin Royal Cream Crackers, 1 packet Candles, 1 tin
Matches, 1 package Medicated Paper, 1 lb. Pure Coffee, 2 tablets
Soap, 1 Tin Opener.

TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness. —Pulter.

Gossip of Books of the Day

"THE Dwelling Place of Light" Vivid Picture of These Times

Books by Winston Churchill, the American, are by way of being milestones in the literary history of these times. His "Inside the Cup," which had for its theme the dissatisfaction of earnest souls with formal religion and the rebellion against the commercialized church, turned many cherished opinions topsy-turvy. Whether "The Dwelling Place of Light," which has just appeared, will also enjoy such a sensation remains to be seen, but at all events it begins a search for "the dwelling place of light," and in its treatment of the new problem of industrial unrest it leads to a desire to study and reflect upon things as they are. The North America of old customs and beliefs, breaking up in the crucible of that unrest and a new country in the process of formation, is vividly portrayed.

The place of the story is in and near a New England manufacturing city, and its most prominent character, the one in whom the author seems to personify his theme of a changing America, is Janet Bumpus, the descendant of many generations of New Englanders whose long line of upright, capable, and energetic families has gone to seed in her father. He is a hollow shell, a sort of simulacrum of his ancestors, still wearing the facial mask of dignity and refinement, but lacking will, purpose, energy, ambition. As gatekeeper to the huge Chippering Mills he crawls through his daily routine, his chief interest in life afforded by his incessant study of the pedigree of the Bumpus family and common-place, futile correspondence with other Bumpuses whom he has never seen. His wife, Hannah, submerged in the daily tasks of housekeeping in their ugly, threadbare flat, is a joyless, subnormal person, who accepts without complaint the dull, ceaseless treadmill of her life.

But tragedy is born into the very souls of their two daughters, in whom flames personified the spirit of twentieth century revolt, of groping for readjustment, of clamorous demand for life. In Lise, the younger one, who is a "saleslady" in a department store, the revolt is wholly material. She wants the cushions and the roses and the perfumes of life. In her has survived none of the old New England moral austerities, none of its ability to live by and for the spirit. But Janet, the elder one, who is a stenographer in the Chippering Mills, is offended by her sister's coarser fibre and sordid soul. She, too, yearns fiercely for something in life that would mean beauty and light and sweetness, and is hurt to the depths of her being by the barren, dingy, ugly environment in which their poverty forces them to live. But her intellectual endowment is better and her needs more spiritualized.

When the spirit of revolt is aflame within her it lights up, unconsciously to her, a face and personality not usually striking to vividness that challenges attention. Claude Dittmar, manager of the Chippering Mills, a personage of consequence in the business

world, forceful, accustomed to dominate, happens to see her at one of these vivid moments. She rouses his interest, he advances her, presently makes her his private secretary, and little by little surrenders himself to a devouring passion for her.

The central thread of the story is furnished by Dittmar's virile and masterful desire for Janet and her response to his passion. Very soberly and sincerely Mr. Churchill sets himself to the task of studying and understanding and making clear to his readers the working upon their two natures of this elemental force and its influence upon their lives. He seeks only the truth and its meanings, and he is relentless in his probing as he dives deep into their hearts and lays bare their inmost motives and emotions. He has never hitherto depicted a woman character with quite so much insight, skill, and surety as he portrays Janet Bumpus. It is true that he psychologizes her rather too much in the early chapters, before she has come to even a little understanding of herself, while the desires, yearnings, revolts within her are still no more than blind and dumb forces, thereby giving to the reader an image of her that is more sophisticated, more developed than, presently, she is realized as being. But, barring this flaw, it is a vivid, notable portrayal of a type true to the time. Hardly, however, can it be said of her, as Mr.

Churchill makes one of his characters say, that her father had been the means of passing on to her the New England inheritance which had misled him. Except in her intellectual curiosity and eagerness, Janet is not a New Englander. She would have been as exotic a creature in the New England of a hundred or two hundred years ago as in the environment in which she appears.

Opposite her stands Claude Dittmar, successful business man, a wonderfully realistic figure, true in every line, bold, aggressive, and vital, as alive as if he had been transferred bodily to the pages of the novel. Many of the minor characters are presented, if more briefly, with an equally skillful and life-giving touch.

Mr. Churchill has been concerned less with telling a story than with picturing the life of a New England mill town filled with men, women and children of a dozen races of Europe and Asia. His Hampton is a melting pot in which the metals have not fused. But they boil up and over when the great strike takes place and the leaders and organizers of the I. W. W. appear among them. The many pages that deal with this strike are, both as story and as account of industrial unrest, particularly interesting, perhaps the best in the book. And, finally, one senses that apparently Mr. Churchill meant to suggest to the reader that "the way to the dwelling place of light" is by means of the kind of life of which Janet finally has experience, the kind for which she has the native affinity, where there is plain, fine living, human sympathy, love for fellow-beings, the spirit of service. It is a pleasure to bear witness to the finer, truer taste with which Mr. Churchill now writes.

NOTES OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Dr. Henry van Dyke, who designed his position as Minister to Holland last winter in order that he might be free to write what he thought ought to be told concerning the German conduct of the war, has completed his book, "Fighting for Peace," and it will be ready for issue by the Scribners in the latter part of October. The whole book is said to be not only an indictment of Germany, but an appeal to stand fast.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announces that it has postponed until spring the publication of Norman Hall's "High Adventure," the account of his flying experiences in the battle zone in France. The postponement was made necessary by the serious injuries he received several months ago when he was wounded in his machine 15,000 feet in the air and fell just behind the English lines. He fainted during the descent, then roused just long enough to pull the proper lever and right the machine, and then fainted again as he landed. He is now convalescing, but the weeks he had to spend in the hospital delayed the completion of the manuscript.

Herman Whitaker, author of "Over the Border," has just sailed for France, where he will write war correspondence for a newspaper syndicate.

"What Never Happened," by "Ron-shin," which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf at the end of this week, is a novel of the terrorist side of the Russian movement for freedom. The author was himself a figure in that movement and the view he gives is from the inside. The book attracted much attention in Russia.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce a new edition in gilt binding of Elizabeth McClellan's "Historic Dress in America." It is in two volumes, covers the subject from 1607 to 1870, and contains 500 illustrations.

Prejudice in America Against England Lessens; Its Causes Are Exposed

Unfounded prejudice against England by people in the United States has been fostered by what they have been taught in school. There is a movement on foot now to eliminate this, and this movement is treated in a book just issued in New York. The writer is Charles Altshul, Prof. James T. Shotwell, of Columbia University, writes an introduction. From his investigation of text books used for the last twenty years (in which he was aided by teachers and boards of education in many cities), Mr. Altshul has drawn the following conclusions:

The great majority of history textbooks used in our public schools more than twenty years ago gave a very incomplete picture of general political conditions in England prior to the American Revolution, and either did not refer at all to the great efforts made by prominent Englishmen on behalf of the Colonies, or mentioned them only casually.

The number of separate history textbooks which gave this incomplete picture was not only much larger than the number of those giving more complete information, but the former circulated in many more communities throughout our country than the latter.

The public mind must thereby have been prejudiced against England.

Children now studying American history in the public schools have a far greater number of textbooks available which give relatively complete information on this subject; but the improvement is by no means sufficiently marked to prevent continued growth of unfounded prejudice against England.

Another active season has just started for E. M. Leginska, the noted pianist, her first concert taking place in Sioux City on Sept. 25 as the opening attraction of the Civic Music Course. This, incidentally, was a return engagement from last season. The pianist played brilliantly and won a triumphal performance gaining lav-

CRISP Reviews of New Books; Wide Range of Subjects Treated

MILITARISM

(By Karl Liebknecht)

This book by the famous socialist leader in Germany that was suppressed by the German government, and for which Herr Liebknecht was punished, was written wholly before the war, and all the illustrative material in it and all the references adduced as evidence are of conditions and affairs as they were previous to 1914. The book, therefore, is chiefly of historical interest, since the world war is so changing world ideas and has already sent so irrevocably to the scrap heap many widely held convictions and purposes that the world after the war will need to bring about entirely new adjustments. But the book is interesting and timely for the light it throws on the pre-war Germany and for the illumination it makes of the character of Karl Liebknecht.

The book had its beginning in a lecture delivered by Herr Liebknecht eleven years ago on "Militarism" at a conference of young men in Germany. He revised the lecture and published it in book form and afterward made it the basis of this present volume. A few months later the book was confiscated and the author arrested and charged with treason. In October, 1907, Herr Liebknecht was found guilty and sentenced to a year and a half in prison, the imperial court declaring that he aimed at the abolition of the standing army and that this army was an integral part of the nation's constitution. So important was the case considered that the Kaiser was kept constantly in touch with the progress of the trial by a special wire.

In his address to the judges Liebknecht declared the aim of his life to be "the overthrow of monarchy as well as the emancipation of the exploited working class from political and economic bondage." As an answer to his sentence the working people of Berlin elected him, while he was still in prison, to represent them in the Prussian Landtag. There, in the common council and in the Reichstag he has continued to fight the principles and purposes of the militaristic system of Germany, while in the Reichstag his voice was heard in favor of a German republic. On the breaking out of the war he told his followers in the councils of the Socialist party that Germany was not entering upon a war of defense, that it was an imperialist war for domination of the world markets, that it would tend to destroy the growing labor movement, and that it was their plain duty to vote against the war budget. But other opinions prevailed, and the entire Social Democratic delegation voted for the budget. But

Liebknecht voted against it at the second session in December, and in the Reichstag declared that the Germans were the aggressors and that it was an imperialistic war provoked by Germany and Austria. On May 1, 1916, Liebknecht took part in a peace demonstration in Berlin and made an anti-war address for which he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to four years penal servitude. He wrote two letters to the military court which tried him which, the writer of the introduction says, show him in a true light. In these he said, in part:

The cry of down with the war is meant to give voice to the fact that I thoroughly condemn and oppose the present war because of its historical nature; because of its general social causes; the particular way in which it was brought about; the manner in which it is conducted and the object for which it is fought.

Herr Liebknecht's argument in his book is against all war, against any making and keeping of armies or any arming of nations, unless, possibly, the army should be one of thoroughly democratic origin and organization. Although he refers now and then to the military systems of other nations his point of view is that of the man in front of whose eyes has loomed largely the German militaristic system. He is obsessed also, as are most Socialists, with the conviction that an army, or any fighting force under the control of a government, will always be used to forward the interests of capital. One long section of the work is devoted to "Capitalistic Militarism." In another he studies "Means and Effects of Militarism," the point of view being always that of a Socialist in Germany. In the last section, on "Some Cardinal Signs of Militarism," he says, in conclusion:

As truly as the maintenance of international peace is in the interest of the international proletariat and beyond that in the interest of the civilization of the whole of humanity, as truly is the struggle against militarism—that entire system of national hatreds, that sum and extract of all peace-disturbing tendencies of capitalism; in short, that serious danger of world war—a fight for civilization which the proletariat is proud to wage, which it must wage in its very own interest and which to wage no other ones as such (leaving out of account some well-intentioned enthusiasts who only prove the rule) is even remotely so much interested in.

"Over the Top," published in the spring, has gone through fourteen editions, totalling 160,000 copies.

Two Latest Books

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING,

By H. G. Wells

\$1.25

CHANGING WINDS, By Ervine

\$1.60

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

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What Sort of Book Interests You?

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A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

EDMONTON Orchestra 1917-18 Series Will Be Inaugurated on Sunday

The fourth season of the Edmonton Orchestra opens at the Pantages theatre on Sunday, October 28th, at 9 p.m., under the auspices of the 49th Edmonton Regiment Chapter I. O. D. E.

The Edmonton Orchestra was organized in January, 1915, with the object of placing before the public the "better class of music," a phrase which has been their motto ever since. The first program was given on February 7th, 1915. At the end of last season, seventy programs had been given and the enthusiasm of neither the members or the audience has flagged. A local critic in reviewing the last Alberta Musical Festival writes, "We have often referred to the large number of splendid musicians which we have in Edmonton and it has been a source of regret to us, as it must have been to all music lovers, that no organized effort was being made to unite the musical forces of the city. In view of this lack of concerted effort, all the more credit is due to the Edmonton Orchestral association for their unflinching and unselfish perseverance in organizing and keeping together the Edmonton Orchestra. To many people who attended the festival concerts, the work of the orchestra came as a pleasant surprise, and we have heard one man ask, 'What does it cost to bring the

orchestra here?' Under our provincial laws it is not possible to charge an admission fee, and, sad to relate, many people overlook the fact that a collection at the door, was the only means by which the orchestra could defray the costs of providing the recitals."

With this, and many other expressions of appreciation from citizens of Edmonton, and the large attendances at these concerts, the Edmonton Orchestra may fairly claim to have succeeded in their efforts toward elevating the standard of music, and it is to be hoped that this season will bring forth strong enough support to be able to place the concerts on an even higher standard than last season.

From time to time during their career, the orchestra has donated the entire proceeds of various concerts to different societies, and it is not at all unbefitting that the opening concert should be devoted to the general fund of the 49th Edmonton Regiment Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

The soloist on Sunday will be Miss Bessie Pille, who will sing "Unlil" and "God Send You Back to Me."

The program includes a march from the Lenore symphony, Overture to Masaniello, two Slavonic Dances of Dvorak, Minuet by Mozart, and a portion of their first charity, a patriotic selection of English airs, arranged by England's foremost military bandman, Dan Godfrey.

The officers elected for the Edmonton Orchestra for the coming year are:

President: Vernon E. Barford.
Vice president: William G. Strachan
Secretary: George Andrews.
Treasurer: Harry Sedgewick.
Librarian: Vivian E. Snowdon.
Committeeman: Earl Treilway.
Business manager: Kenneth A. Ross
Conductor: Albert Weaver-Winston.

HIS HOLINESS ADDICTED TO MUSIC

The one sensual pleasure to which the Pope is addicted is music, says Current Opinion, quoting a writer in the Messagero. It is noted in the Italian dailies that there has been some relaxation of the severity of the practice under Pius X, who looked with suspicion upon all modern theories of orchestration and composition. Benedict XV is rather partial to Beethoven, to Wagner and to other masters not ordinarily associated with devotion.

The Pope is said to inherit his musical tastes from his mother, who was highly accomplished on several instruments and sang beautifully.

The officers of the British Museum have reserved a section of the building for the preservation of talking machine records of the voices of the great artists of the day as well as the noted statesmen and orators. Vocal records of these artists will be placed side by side with the speeches of Lord Roberts and the archbishops of Westminster and Canterbury.

Music at Front Over 'Wireless' Is Edison Plan

Troops in many encampments within a radius of 10 miles from Forty-third street and Broadway today heard the strains of a single phonograph playing martial airs in a wireless tower at that point.

Among the encampments connected with the phonograph were those at Yaphank, Hempstead, Sea Girt, Wrightstown, Plattsburg, Van Cortlandt Park and many small outposts, stations where soldiers are guarding bridges and public works.

The experiment was conducted with a phonograph especially constructed for army use by Thomas A. Edison. The idea is to use similar machines in France, where one placed in a dugout behind the lines can send "canned" music over the telephone to soldiers in front line trenches on a wide front.

A special series of records will be made if the experiment is successful. These records will be contributed by the best known professionals in the United States. The honor of singing into it the new war songs will fall to Madame Marguerite Sylva, the prima donna who was married last year to an American naval attaché, and who is now resident in the United States, where she will sing this year.

George Cohen will sing his own "Over There," and other popular composers will act their own interpreters.

MUSIC Revolution in England; Opera Supercedes the Orchestra

Sir Thomas Beecham's recent assertion that one reason for the rising popularity of opera at the expense of orchestra concerts is the fact that the public knows the symphonic masterpieces backwards and is sick to death of them, has caused discussion in the English musical world. A writer in Musical Opinion declares that for his part he has "no further interest in the most threadbare of the stock orchestra pieces until they are brought up to date by being played backwards or have been given a long, long rest."

He thinks he is but one of many musicians whose interest in orchestral concerts has been almost killed by the insistence on a handful of classics and a batch of popular modern works. He parts company with Sir Thomas, however, when that distinguished millionaire-conductor contends that there is no other orchestral music sufficiently attractive to take the place of the hackneyed masterpieces and retain the public's interest in orchestral concerts—"no orchestral music of any importance having been produced in Europe during the past seven or eight years." The writer quoted maintains that even among the older works there are a fair number of attractive compositions that rarely get a hearing, while "Beethoven and Wagner are played to death," and that

the source of the trouble lies in lack of enterprise on the part of conductors and orchestras.

As for opera, although there has been no season at Covent Garden since the summer of 1914, practically a new opera public has been created in London since the beginning of the war, thanks largely to the Beecham campaigns of giving this form of entertainment at reasonable prices, with capable singers and orchestra, and without the social trappings that had made it so largely a thing apart, as far as London was concerned.

W. G. Grant, A.T.C.M.

TEACHER OF PIANO

Musical Director
Alberta College North

Organist and Choirmaster
First Presbyterian Church

MUSICAL MUSINGS

The love for music, like charity, should begin at home.

Musical parentage is the greatest asset in a child's musical education.

Trying to raise musical children in unmusical homes is like attempting to grow sunflowers in the shade.

The reason so much piano playing is heartless is that people possess fewer hearts than fingers.

The Zoelner Quartette, who make their sixth tour of America this season, will give two New York recitals, besides appearances in Brooklyn, N.Y.; Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Paul—to be brief, the tour will be a trans-continental one, Canada included. The new works to be played by the Zoelners are Two Sketches Op. 15, and a Suite Op. 6, by Eugene Goossens, Quartette Op. 28, Naprawnik and another Suite Op. 144, by Emanuel Moor. They will appear in Edmonton early next year.

Manchester Hub Of Musical Life In Merry England

That Manchester is destined to become the hub of England's musical life in the not far distant future is becoming more and more evident to the London Daily Telegraph's music critic, "Provincial London," to quote his words, "with its circumscribed views and narrow enthusiasm (if any), and strong prejudice in favor of the wrong thing, will be relegated to a back position."

Manchester's musical program for the coming season strikes him as uncommonly significant. He is particularly impressed by the new series of promenade concerts recently begun there under Sir Thomas Beecham's general direction, and with Sir Thomas himself and Sir Frederick Cowen, Eugene Goossens, Landon Ronald and Percy Pitt as conductors, while the soloists are "among the best we have." Among the novelties scheduled for performance is Eugene Goossens' "Tam o' Shanter" and an arrangement of Debussy's familiar "Clair de Lune."

Then there are to be fifteen Brand Lane concerts during the season, at eleven of which the Halle orchestra will play. At one Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will be sung, with Muriel Foster and Gertrude Elwes singing the roles they have made so peculiarly their own that they have come to be regarded as the interpreters of supreme authority. Other soloists engaged for the concerts are Pauline Donalda, the Canadian soprano; Margarita d'Alvarez, the Peruvian contralto; the Australian Elsa Stralla, the English Agnes Nicholls and the American Felice Lyne, besides Clara Butt, who is to sing at the end of the concert. Finally, Manchester is to have a prolonged opera season about Christmas time.

Mme. d'Alvarez seems to have justified the high hopes Oscar Hammerstein held for her, but not in the field he had in mind. Neither at his Manhattan Opera House nor his London Opera House, did she make a success by any means so distinctive as the acclaim she has won in London as a concert singer.

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NOTES On and Off the Line

When recently talking to some of our men at the front, Harry Lauder is reported to have said of his soldier son killed in action: "I was at the graveside of my dear boy. I had only one prayer and desire, and that was that God would allow the grave to open for one minute so that I could kiss him on each cheek, and thank him for what he had done for his country."

A clergyman of Exeter, England, once told the story of how five choristers were out walking one Sunday evening. After a time they sat down on the grass and began to sing an anthem. A hare passing with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting stopped at about 20 yards distance from where they were sitting. The hare appeared to be highly delighted with the music, and as soon as the singing had ceased returned to the woods. When she had almost reached the woods the choristers began to sing again. The hare stopped, turned around, and came swiftly back to the same place and remained listening in seeming rapture and delight until the singing had ceased. Then she made off to the woods again.

"One night we gave a performance of Lohengrin in Cleveland with stock scenery," recounted David Blapham. "The local manager had assured us that he had a river drop in the theatre and so our first act drew for Lohengrin showing the River Scheldt near Antwerp was left in New York. Imagine my surprise when I turned around after finishing my first song to discover the River Thames filled with boats as during the regatta week at Henley."

For the first time in its history the Paris Opera will frame a performance of an English opera toward the end of this month, when Raymond Roze's "Jone of Arc" will be given in aid of the Franco-British Red Cross funds.

John McCormack gave a recital in Carnegie hall last Sunday night for the benefit of a fund for dependent relatives of men in the 165th Regiment, U.S.N.G.—the "fighting sixty-ninth"—under the auspices of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. It was announced that \$4,000 had been received and that Mr. McCormack had offered to pay the expenses of the recital.

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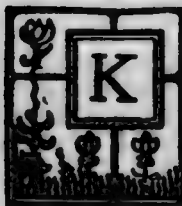
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(Next to Johnstone Walkers)

DROP STITCHES

By Dorothy Jefferson

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



KATHERINE CHANNELL began to knit. She began not because of patriotic sentiment nor because of any real sympathy for the sailors. She began because her winter costume seemed incomplete without one of the large cretonne bags that all the other girls in her set were carrying.

Having selected an orange and blue bag with a gilt cord run through the top, she purchased it for the trifling sum of \$18 and went in search of some white bone needles. These, tipped with sterling silver, could be bought for \$5 a pair.

"Now," said Katherine, "I'm ready to knit for the soldiers."

Mrs. Channell put down the magazine she had been reading when her daughter returned from the shopping tour and ran her heavily ringed fingers through her marcelled hair.

"The yarn, dear," she questioned languidly; "what color did you buy?"

"Gray."

"Then you're ready to knit for the sailors. Gray is their color, you know. Poor sailor boys! They need all the help we can give them."

"So saying, she went back to her magazine, and Katherine wandered away in search of her maid."

"I am going to knit for the sailors, Marie," she said sweetly as she lay down in her dressing-room and closed her eyes for the fifteen-minute beauty nap she took each evening before dinner. "Do you suppose I can make nice scarfs and things?"

Marie tucked a pink silk quilt about her mistress tenderly.

"Indeed, yes," she agreed. "Mademoiselle is good of heart; very, very good of heart."

Bradley Channell was a financial power too securely seated in Wall street to feel the first jolts of the war. He bought his share of Liberty bonds, donated liberally to the Red Cross, and allowed his only daughter to put as much money as she wished in circulation. There were no comments on the high cost of leather when Katherine bought four pairs of shoes in the same month, and her whims were laws in the Channell household.

People knew this. When Katherine appeared in the rooms of the Red Cross Society the following morning she was greeted enthusiastically on all sides. The women and girls who accepted her social leadership flocked about her, admiring the gnarly, twisted piece of wool that she called "my first scarf." Others, sure of their social position or indifferent to it, hovered at her shoulder, telling each other in whispers that they would make Katherine pay some bills for the society.

"Bradley Channell's daughter," they murmured pointedly; "be nice to her."

Altogether Katherine had a very successful day. She learned to do something with the white bone needles and she thought she was knitting. She went to bed right after dinner, and, bolstered up by three or four cushions and encouraged by the solicitous Marie, she turned out almost two feet of scarf in a single evening.

Every one in her set, with the exception of Harley Stevens, acknowledged her cleverness. The other girls admitted that they had been knitting longer, but were not nearly so deft with their needles. The men, all but Harley Stevens, declared that the possession of one of her scarfs would make the perils of war seem as nothing at all.

Harley told the horrible truth.

The Stevens lived across the street from the Channells, in a house which Mrs. Channell envied in the depths of her soul. It was something more than a gorgeous residence; it was a homestead, built in the days when Bradley Channell's ancestors were on the lowest rungs of the social ladder. It spoke of a family who knew very little twig and bud on their ancestral tree. Mrs. Channell's only grace when she stood in her window and stared at the forbidding wall that in-

The feminine world is knitting madly, but there are some women, like Katherine Channell, who are too proud to see their drop stitches

closed the Stevens premises was the thought that Harley, heir to the entire estate, had shown a marked interest in Katherine since her debut.

"Maybe he—maybe she—maybe they—," she began time and again to her husband when Katherine's future was under discussion.

"Oh, Bradley, are my ambitions for the child unreasonable?"

Bradley Channell was unusually grim when he

certainly fooled me that time. But why all the little holes? Are they bullet marks or simply part of the design?"

Katherine frowned.

"I dropped a stitch here and there," she said coldly; "all beginners do."

"Oh! I see. Did you search the house thoroughly, or do you think you dropped them on the street?"

Katherine was not with-



"I dropped a stitch here and there," she said coldly; "all beginners do"

answered this question. "No man in the world is really good enough for Katherine," he would say coldly, and the discussion always ended there.

The first scarf was finished and lay in a neat little package on the library table when Harley Stevens called one evening. He picked it up idly and was fingering the tissue paper wrapping when Katherine burst into the room, flushed and laughing.

"I've been giving dad a dancing lesson," she explained. "You should have seen us! How are you, anyhow, Harley? It is quite a while since I've seen you."

She sat down and the man at the table smiled at her breathlessness. She was growing prattier every time he saw her, he thought, and her black hair set off the vivid color in her cheeks wonderfully. He did not answer her questions at once, and Katherine, rather embarrassed by his steady gaze, caught at a conversational straw.

"That package in your hand is something I made," she said proudly; "open it and behold the work of a girl you once called idle."

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HARLEY STEVENS tore the tissue paper wrapping from the scarf and held the soft, woolly thing at arm's length. He was a good looking fellow, with shrewd eyes and a humorous mouth. Katherine usually found his laughter contagious, but on this occasion she smiled stiffly at his joke.

"You made this?" he demanded. "What is it, Katherine, a blanket or a sock?"

"Neither; it's a sailor's scarf."

"Well, as I live and breathe! You

out a sense of humor, but she was one of those persons who find it hard to laugh at their own mistakes. Her first scarf was a wonderful thing in her eyes, and length. He was a good looking fellow, loves the ugly features of her first-born. She rose and took it from Harley, her red lips set in a thin little line.

"Let us not discuss knitting," she said quietly; "we'll talk of something you understand."

It was not until the front door had closed behind her caller that her face relaxed and two big, angry tears trickled down her cheeks.

"I hate Harley Stevens!" she whispered as she tucked the scarf under her arm and ascended the stairs to her bedroom; "I never want to see him again!"

Two days later, when Mr. Stevens called the Channell home on the telephone, Marie informed him that her mistress was not in, and not expected later. Mrs. Channell's pleas were made in vain. Katherine refused to see the man who had told her the unpleasant truth about her work.

Not that she ceased to knit. On the contrary, she sat up until the small hours of the morning, her dark head bent over the long white needles. She learned to "purl," and she invested in the yarn and directions for knitting a sweater.

Determination is half the battle, and Katherine's first sleeveless jacket was quite a creditable affair. It was as well or better knitted than the others on the counter when she turned it in to the Navy League. She wished spitefully that Harley Stevens could see it.

"Won't you write your name on a tag and put it with your sweater?" the smiling woman behind the counter asked her.

"The sailors like to thank their benefactress."

Katherine, still thinking of Harley and his ridicule, scribbled her name and address and tagged the sleeveless coat.

"I hope the sailor that wears my sweater will write and thank me for it," she told Marie that night. "I will show his letter to a friend who thinks my knitting is a joke."

Marie, smoothing out a rose-colored negligee, scowled indignantly.

"The very ideal! Your knitting is excellent, mademoiselle. Très bien!"

Katherine's idle wish came true in one respect. The note of gratitude which she received in the mail a few days later warmed her heart toward the recipient of her handiwork, but Harley Stevens did not telephone again. He, as well as she, had pride.

The note was a humble affair, printed on coarsely ruled paper:

Dere Mis Channell: I rite to thank you for my sweater. I am only a poor sailor, and it is difficult for me to express my gratitude. Will you rite me sometime? I will be so glad to here from you. yours friend, JOHN JAY.

Katherine was delighted with what she termed "Mr. Jay's novel spelling," and she made it a point to answer the letter a few days after it reached her. Her friends applauded her patriotism in giving so much of her time to the unfortunate, and the correspondence between John Jay, the sailor, and Katherine Channell, the debutante, became one of the chief topics of conversation in the little world where she lived.

Mrs. Channell, never given to charitable acts, was perhaps the only person who regarded Katherine's interest in a common sailor as indiscreet.

"Of course it is purely patriotism," she explained to her husband, "but things are going a bit too far when he sends her his picture and asks for one of hers in return."

"Picture? Did he send his picture?" Bradley Channell raised his shaggy eyebrows in surprise. "What does the fellow look like, anyhow?"

Mrs. Channell rose and crossed the room to Katherine's desk. A photograph in a silver frame stood between two tiny American flags.

"See for yourself," she said contemptuously. "Here he is."

John Jay's face and figure were far from handsome, but there was a certain manliness about the sailor that appealed to Bradley Channell, and the smile that had sprung to his lips at the first glimpses of his daughter's protégé faded as he studied the picture.

"You're right, mother," he said finally; "Katherine should not encourage a man like that. She doesn't realize what her letters may mean to him."

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KATHERINE was highly amused at her parents' decision in regard to John Jay, but she agreed to tell him that their correspondence must end. Accordingly she sat down at her little desk the following morning and scribbled a hasty note to the naval training station:

My Dear Mr. Jay: I am sorry that I must discontinue our correspondence. It has been a very interesting one, but I have so many urgent duties in connection with my social service work that I cannot promise to write any more personal letters. Wishing you the best of luck, I remain very sincerely yours, KATHERINE CHANNELL.

An unexpected answer arrived in the return mail.

Dere Mis Channell: I no you are awful busy, but I am going to ask you one more favor. May I come to see you Sunday afternoon, wearing the sweater which you gave me? I do want you to see it once. Then I will trouble you no more. Yours friend, JOHN JAY.

"I never heard of such impudence!" Mrs. Channell's wrath knew no bounds when Katherine, her dark eyes dancing,

vous, mirroring the mingling of creeds and races that is so essentially the distinguishing characteristic of New York.

The sordid stories nauseated her, yet in her heart was born a great pity and a sudden savage rage against the elements that make for the nightly repetition of the scene. She looked at Androsky. His eyes flamed and the muscles of his face twitched. He was in the throes of a titanic emotion. Yet she seemed to feel that it was not mere pity that set his great bulk to trembling. It was not sorrow that brought the ruddy flame into his great orange and amber eyes. It was something else.

She thought that she divined it as a cruel, exultant joy—such as Mephistopheles might feel at some new evidence of human frailty. He was thrilling with savage satisfaction over the sordid nature of the show. Was he really a devil worshiper, as she had heard? For a brief instant she felt almost as soul-sick as if the fearful apparition of the orthodox had appeared before her. In a daze she permitted him to lead her out.

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"THINK of the girl in blue," he kept repeating. "Remember her flowerlike, frightened face and the story she told. Driven out by her sister for repulsing the advances of a favorite boarder—unused to America—dazed by the night streets—offered lodging by an affable stranger—the aftermath. Yet tonight she was doubtlessly soliciting. She is the modern Magdalen! She is an affront to decency and a reproach to her sex!"

"And because she is these things she whimpered and begged in broken English and promised to 'reform.' Ye gods, to 'reform!' Thus, no doubt, did the first of her kind to challenge the enduring attention of the churchgoers. Yet this one, like her, might better have snapped her fingers in the face of scandalized propriety—and laughed! Think of that and you, too, will laugh, when I mold your likeness in the clay!"

The next morning, breakfasted and with the indomitable buoyancy of youth, she walked briskly across the Square. Some lingering memory of the pleading joy of her companion of the night court prompted her to take again the little blue derringer. On the little platform she stood outlined against the velvet drapes and assumed the pose that he had rehearsed her in.

Out of the green, moist clay a tiny figure grew rapidly—a figure of effish beauty, with a little square, defiant visage turned over one rounded shoulder, a figure slender and erect and disdainful, staring down the centuries of outraged conventions and laughing flippantly at her contempters.

"I want insouciance in the half-veiled eyes," he explained eagerly. "I want invitation flaunted in the very faces of the patriarchs who head the mob of accusers! I want sensual indolence and vitriolic scorn of those who would say, 'Repent and be forgiven thy iniquity!' Behind the figure, on a little rack, I will depict the discarded robe of repentance, the sackcloth and ashes that the Laughing Magdalen has cast aside!"

The sunlight glinted again on his rumped mane and flaming beard, and into the orange and amber eyes had crept the old mocking, cynical light. The girl stood for an hour, staring at him, maintaining the pose as rigidly as if cast in bronze, hardly conscious of the twinges of aching muscles. He worked swiftly and deftly, cutting, patting and molding until the shapeless lump of clay was the figure of a beautiful woman.

Then he swathed it in moist rags and strode over to the girl. She shrank away from him, her brown arm stretching out to clasp the black purse on the little round table. His eyes followed the maneuver curiously.

His lips twisted in the faint, enigmatical smile as she clutched it.

"Mademoiselle," he mocked, "has a strange affection for the black handbag!" She snapped it open, grasping the derringer.

"I've heard strange stories, Boris Androsky," she said quietly. "My father, after the western practice, taught me to shoot straight when I was a small girl. If you ever presume to touch me I shall very probably kill you!"

He laughed with boisterous glee.

"The intrepid Miss O'Grady fears unnecessarily," he said. "But I can plainly see that she is not yet ready to smile as I would have her smile for the marble Magdalen."

As on the previous day, he grasped his hat and sauntered out for relaxation. Thereafter the little tableau was enacted daily. When the period of posing was over he would walk across to her, his amber eyes astatic, and ask her if she had yet the newer viewpoint. For the first week or two she invariably repeated the threat. Then came the day when she disdained the weapon and snapped her fingers mockingly in his face. It pleased him.

"We are making progress," he con-

ed. "Already my missionary zeal is insatiable with greater hope. You think, perhaps, that a woman can own red blood in her veins without—let us say—too great trepidation?"

Her smiling countenance froze again to correct primness. She reached for the handbag. He watched her until the little blue weapon gleamed in her hand. Then he walked over very deliberately, thrust it aside and kissed her. Before she fully realized his triumph he had turned his back and was disappearing into the hall.

His contempt for her threat startled her. But even more astonishing was her own absence of hot resentment. Yet she told Gordon Leighton about it. He seemed greatly perturbed.

"Androsky is winning," he warned her. "It is his boast that he can break down any girl's barrier of reserve in a month. It is a game with him—a game of wits and words and adroitness as callous as his concepts of art. I can use you for my next canvas. You may start Monday. Write him a note telling him that you won't return."

Eileen O'Grady shook her head. "I feel committed to it," she declared. "I don't fear him."

"You remember the girl I spoke about," he urged. "That little boyish youngster from the Bronx? Bradley told me they had her in the psychopathic ward yesterday. Picked her up in the streets. Seems to have some peculiar obsession for revenge on Androsky. She's a coke fiend—said it was the only way of forgetting what the Russian had taught her. I can't quite understand that. Through him she met a lot of men in the big time. I thought it had turned out well—at least from the materialistic standpoint. She was a cute kid, too."

Eileen remembered those deep-set golden eyes, boring so uncannily into her soul. But Leighton's assumption that she was weak and defenseless piqued her pride. "Come on over and sit as chaparron, Mr. Grundy," she jeered. "It would be perfectly lovely protection."

He flushed, lighted another cigaret and rose from the table. "So be it," he said shortly. "I'm no knight errant. It isn't being done any more. Only when you holler 'Wolf!' next time, please pardon my possible unavoidable absence from the scene."

Long after she went to bed that night she was haunted by the immature, flowerlike face of the girl from the Bronx—the original of the famous Rose room fountain girl. She had seen her on several occasions. Sleep was impossible while she tried to fit together the intricate pattern of Androsky's ideas and practices.

There seemed to be a ghastly inconsistency in his cynical championing of the unfortunate women of the street. While he deplored the fate that had befallen them, upholding their right to sue back unrepentant at the world that scorned them, he himself seemed the worst enemy of virtue. Was he sincere in either attitude? Was he perfectly sane? Or was his eagerness to perfect the Laughing Magdalen a mere whim to astonish and outrage the art critics?

His purpose—if, indeed, he had any beyond mere caprice—was unfathomable. Yet the next day there was a peculiar thrill to clambering up the murky stairway. The Grieving Circassian still groveled in marble loveliness beside the tiger skin couch. She wondered with a shudder if the poor little weak-faced girl now raving in the psychopathic ward Leighton spoke of had also sobbed there, a rose and gold and cream tinted living statue of grief.

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ANDROFSKY was standing in front of the Laughing Magdalen. He seemed fascinated by the expression on the wanton's face. It was laughing—laughing with a demoniacal leer that contorted the girlish features into a mask of hate and fury.

Eileen recognized them as hers, but the sinister mirth was foreign to any emotion she had ever experienced.

Androsky smiled, gloatingly. "The Laughing Magdalen!" he boomed. "What do you think of her?"

"It—it isn't me," she protested. "That awful thing isn't me!"

"It is all women," he said with sudden quiet gravity. "The form is yours. The features are yours. But the expression—the ideal laugh of the Magdalen—is not. I borrowed that from the face of a girl—a dream girl now, living only in the mists of memory. Is it not wonderful?"

"Yes," she whispered, staring at the piquant, hate distorted, laughing visage in green clay. "It is wonderful—and devilish and terrible!"

"I shall not need you again," he said. "I tell you now that you will come back. It is because—because, perhaps—that I love you!"

He stood beside her, his arms limp at his sides, neither smiling nor serious, but with that peculiar whimsical expression that flickered his truer moods.

"You will realize that when you come

again—unwillingly but impelled as if by chance."

Her lips curled scornfully, and she framed words of denial, but there was a startled light in her eyes, and she grasped the black purse as she edged toward the door. His very passivity was somehow more sinister than if he had grasped her. Only the flickering orange lights in the amber eyes seemed animate. Otherwise it was as if he himself were a great creation in bronze.

In the doorway she paused a minute. The sunlight flooded the studio, with its marble figures, its lumps of clay swathed in wet rags, its grinning Satyr in green copper and the Laughing Magdalen in green clay. In their midst, amber eyed and ruddy haired and gloriously ironic, stood Boris Androsky smiling farewell.

She stumbled down the murky stairs and out into the clear morning light. Over in the Square, where Italian children played with shrill chatter and human derelicts drowsed in the sun-flecked benches, she huddled into a vacant seat and wondered, very still and white of face, if the bearded Russian had spoke the truth.

She saw him no more for a month. One day she had passed his studio, lured by a frightened curiosity whether she would turn in. A van was backed up to his door and a white block of marble was being lifted off by half a dozen men. She shuddered and sped by. No doubt the snowy stone was the unchained Laughing Magdalen.

The summer dragged along. During the hottest months, when infants gasped for breath in Fulton street tenements, while men crumpled up in Times Square like suddenly empty suits of clothes, and the steamers for Brighton and Coney staggered crazily down the bay with their overloads of humanity, Androsky worked on the white marble. The rugged quarrymen's angles gave way to curves, and the curves undulated and blended into a great snowy likeness of the little bronze cast of the Laughing Magdalen.

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THE heat was terrific. He drank cognac to maintain his flagging energy, and the fiery liquid heated his veins to fever and the madness of delirium. He never inquired around the quarter for Eileen O'Grady. "But she will come," he told himself aloud, when the cognac flamed in his blood. "She will come—as have the others—when it is moonlight. Creeping up the stairway, she will come—and as in a trance she will extend her arms through the shimmering stillness and say, 'I love you.' Yes," he reiterated, "they all love me—while I wish it!"

During the long hours when the heat-tortured millions tossed restlessly about, wooing slumber that could not triumph over the sticky misery of existence, he read by candle light from strange Russian chronicles of sorcery and black magic. Sometimes he smiled, but more often he frowned with fierce intensity and read on and on.

Eileen sat for Leighton's "Triumphant Dawn" and then snatched a brief vacation in a tumble-down shack in the Catskills with Nonie Selden, who had discovered it the previous year. Her cheeks acquired again their true Celtic pinkness and the throng at Sally's acclaimed her return hilariously.

Leighton was suddenly moved to pay her ardent court, and every afternoon they rode uptown on the top of a bus to dine at Churchill's or the Cocoanut Grove. Leighton was "flush" with the proceeds of five liberal commissions and a retainer on a mural for the rose room of a new mansion on the drive.

She asked guardedly about Boris Androsky. He hadn't been seen a dozen times all summer, they said. Randler had visited him one afternoon and came back raving about the greatest work ever seen in America. But Randler was too enthusiastic and the announcement brought no influx of critics. Others went, however, impelled by curiosity, but Androsky genially refused to let them see his masterpiece. "It is not ready," he said. "Always there is a little ceremony before the completed work is exhibited." They went away again wondering.

Fall came quick and crisply. Overnight it seemed the leaves had begun to swirl around the deserted walks of the Square. The bench-drowsing throngs thinned out and all over the Village were artistic posters announcing the masques and fetes with which the exuberant villagers welcome a changing season. Out of the upper windows of the Radical Club hung the multi-colored Japanese lanterns, invariable portent of festivities within.

It was a chill November evening, strangely still and crisp in the Square. The rumbling noises of the city's surrounding activities came with tinkling but distant distinctness into the area of shriveled grass and grotesque, leafless trees. The moonlight was white as diamonds overhead, yet green as emeralds in the shadows.

Eileen O'Grady light, a little huddled trunk of a great tree, gaunt limbs in ghostly deserted walk. She was with peculiar insistency about Boris Androsky. That afternoon an excited chatter had gone about the village. The Russian had completed a work of unheard-of excellence and awesome originality.

She knew what had thrilled the visitors. And in her heart, pounding with trepidation, was a yearning to see it there in the still moonlight. No doubt the molten immorial of the chill November night would enhance its diabolic charm. She rose suddenly and her heels pounded with staccato distinctness on the walk.

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UP THE murky stairs she crept. The building was dark and apparently deserted in favor of some neighborhood festivity. At each landing she paused in stygian darkness and listened. Twice it seemed that some one else was near her. She listened and there was audible a slow, soft noise as of regular breathing. Panic seized upon her. She called out, asking who was there, but the words only echoed hollowly in the winding gloom above and below. Fearing the descent more than the completion of her visit, she went on.

The studio door was open. Her eyes, sharpened by the minute in straining darkness, caught every detail of the moonlight flooded room with remarkable clearness. Before her, tall and lithe and beautiful, her features frozen into that terrible leering laugh, her rounded limbs translucent in the emerald sheen, was the Laughing Magdalen. The terrible resemblance it bore to herself frightened the girl.

"Harris," she called. "I—I've come to inspect your masterpiece."

The huddled bulk straightened. "Come in," he boomed. He came over and held out his hand. "You are beautiful," he said. "Your vacation has worked wonders."

He stepped back again and put his arm lovingly about the waist of the statue. "Is she not beautiful?" he asked.

The girl responded as before. "Beautiful—and devilish!"

"I knew you would come," he said. "It is a pet experiment in psychic attraction I have tried year after year. Always I told the model she would return when her completed likeness in gleaming stone called her. Always they have come back. They come creeping up the stairs in the moonlight and say, 'I love you!'"

"I don't love you," cried the girl. Her face had gone white as the marble Magdalen. "I hate you, I hate your flaming amber eyes, your hideous bulk, your sordid cynicism."

"That is truest love," he said. "Love that returns to berate and stays to caress."

He had interposed his menacing form between her and the door. The derringer, she realized abruptly, was at home in her bureau drawer. And the insane genius swayed between her and the winding stairs.

"Come," he commanded, "say what you feel in your heart. You have thought of me often, yes?"

The orange light glowed in the great amber eyes. It seemed impossible to deny his charge. His grasp, crushing in intensity, fell upon her wrist.

"Come," he repeated. She felt herself drawn toward the great tiger skin couch, gleaming black and white in the moonlight.

She tried to scream, but the cry strangled in her throat. The satyr grinned evilly, and the Laughing Magdalen, ghostly in the dim radiance, rejoiced. As abruptly he released her.

"Listen," he cried. "The Marble Magdalen is laughing—I heard her laugh!"

Then his breath came hissing through clenched teeth. Eileen O'Grady screamed shrilly. From the statue came the clear ripple of human laughter, rising eerily into the night. He staggered over toward it.

"I am mad," he cried. "I am crazy—but still I laughed!"

The laugh rose again, a gurgling sound, frosty with chill mirth. Something flashed in the white moonlight, making a ruddy ribbon of sparks across the countenance of the Laughing Magdalen. Boris Androsky crumpled up and collapsed across the Grieving Circassian. The Laughing Magdalen swayed on her pedestal and crashed to the floor. Behind her stood the slim, boyish, flower-faced girl from the Bronx.

"I came back," she said. "Back—again!" And she laughed.

The two girls stared at each other. The shattered Magdalen's head rolled over into a patch of moonlight beside the tiger skin rug. It seemed to her up into the face of the Grieving Circassian.

Gordon Leighton appeared in the doorway.

"Good God!" he cried. "Eileen!"

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held out John Jay's last epistle for her inspection.

"The fellow is dangerous—positively dangerous! What shall we do if he comes here?"

Katherine laughed.

"Invite him to tea," she suggested calmly. "I'm dying to see him in the flesh."

And, as usual, Katherine's whim was law. Neither her father nor mother had the strength to oppose her plans when she decided to receive the sailor in her home Sunday afternoon. She instructed Marie to serve tea at 5 o'clock, and she donned one of her most becoming gowns for John Jay's benefit.

"His appreciation of that sweater is pathetic," she told her father. "I only wish some of the men in my set had his manners."

She was sitting in the library alone,

reading the papers, when Marie entered and announced Mr. Jay.

"Shall I turn on the light?" the little maid asked solicitously. "It will soon be dark."

Katherine rose and shook her head.

"No, thanks, Marie," she said quietly. "I like the twilight. Show Mr. Jay in and serve tea in half an hour."

Marie disappeared down the hall, and a few seconds later the heavy velvet portieres at the end of the library parted. A tall young man in a sailor's uniform stood in the doorway, his hand raised in salute. His features, in the dusk, were indistinguishable, but his voice, when he spoke, was oddly familiar.

"Miss Channell?" he asked. "I am the sailor who has benefited by your kindness. May I come in?"

Katherine moved slowly forward, her heart beating with a rapidity that was painful.

"You!" she whispered. "Oh, why did you try to deceive me?"

Harley Stevens stood before her, wearing the sweater which she had knitted for John Jay. His shrewd gray eyes were twinkling, and his mouth was twisted into an irresistible smile.

"I couldn't see you any other way," he said softly, "and I wanted to tell you how sorry I was for my remarks about your knitting. It—it's wonderful, Katherine, and I wouldn't take anything in the world for this sweater. Don't laugh when I tell you that I joined the navy so that they would give it to me. I saw it on the counter in the league rooms when I went to call for my mother, and—I simply had to have it. I came to thank you."

Katherine regarded the man before her silently. He met her eyes with convincing honesty.

"Don't laugh," he repeated. "I was

desperate when you refused to see me again. I knew what a cad I'd been. Your letters to the imaginary 'John Jay' showed what sort of a girl you really are. They made me love you, Katherine. I had the ugliest sailor I could find pose for a picture, and you kept on writing to your protegee. You're a regular sort of a girl, Katherine, and—I love you!"

She went quietly into his arms.

"Harley," she whispered, "I've dropped a lot of stitches in my life, and my character has more holes in it than that first scarf. My pride kept me from realizing my faults, and I might never have seen them if—"

He lifted her earnest little face until it was very close to his own.

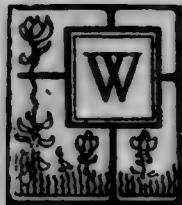
"Don't talk about the past, dear," he said softly. "We'll knit only happiness for each other from now on, and we'll not drop a single stitch."

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HEROES PAST AND PRESENT

By Rorace Bourke

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



WHEN Marie Louise came into this world her mother went out of it, so until she was 10 she dwelt at various army posts with her father, Captain Dan Denton. Then he was killed in the Philippines, and she was packed

off, with a hundred and one tokens of affection from the officers, to a stiff, stately house on a stiff, stately avenue in New York, wherein lived the dearest, gruffest grandfather in the world, and a grandmother who was not so gruff, but every bit as dear.

The grandfather was a retired rear admiral. Faithfully and long had he guarded his country from hostile invasion; but Marie Louise, black haired, black eyed and dainty, tripped into his life and captured his heart without a blow.

When one's ancestors have all been soldiers it is only natural that one should be somewhat keen on courage. Marie Louise was as brave as D'Artagnan. Also she was wondrously pretty, which was a gift of God. Because of her beauty and her wit, and that little something which men call charm, she was wooed individually and collectively and steadily by every youth in her set.

And then she met Sheridan. It was at a summer resort town on Lake Superior, where they had gone to escape the rear admiral's yearly hay fever.

"Dear me," she said to her grandmother on their second evening. "I don't believe there's a man in this whole world who can talk anything but sports or business or theaters! The day of gallants is past, I'm afraid." She turned to her grandfather. "There aren't any more men like you and father, are there, granddad? I wish we had lived in the time of Cœur de Lion!"

The old man smiled. "I met a young chap this morning," he said. "Think he'll interest you, too. He's seen a deal of the world. I'll bring him around, if you wish."

So Sheridan was introduced, and Marie Louise liked him on the instant. He didn't boast of his prowess at polo or football, he didn't quote Ibsen and he didn't embarrass her with fusillades of compliments; but one felt that he could ride and shoot and sail, and that he was familiar with worth-while books and plays, and that he realized and appreciated Marie Louise's charms. And they became friends.

He found her one evening on their cottage veranda, day dreaming, with Conan Doyle's "White Company" in her lap. He sank to the steps at her feet.

"Aha, affd with Chandos and Du Guenin!" he said. "They were great old warriors, weren't they?"

He was settling himself with his back partly toward her. She noticed his great length, lean and wiry; the top of his brown neck above his collar; the shock of blond hair; the strong profile, high forehead, straight, rather long nose, good jaw and positive chin, which would have made his countenance stern looking but for the thin-lipped, humorous mouth. And she thought with a little quickening of her heart that this man would compare well with any of her champions.

He looked up, and she closed the book. "Yes," she said, "they were real heroes!" She leaned back in her chair. "Things are so prosaic, so matter of fact, in this age that it's a relief to go back to the men who did great deeds without a golden reward for inspiration. I know them all, these brave men of history, and I love them all, too. They're my friends!"

He was grinning. "And who are some of the favorite figures in this Walhalla of yours?"

She thought for a moment.

"Oh, the Greeks and Romans that one

She adored such heroes as D'Artagnan and vowed she would marry only this sort of a man. But did she? Read it and see!

read of in high school, and Charles Martel, and the old blind king of Bohemia who died at Crecy with his knights about him, and Warwick—why, I could go on forever! But I hate being laughed at."

Sheridan denied the charge stoutly. "And, of course, Washington and all the succeeding heroes of your own country?" he suggested.

"Of course, and my granddaddy, and my father," she stopped. "You are laughing again. Haven't you any admiration for personal heroism?"

"Indeed, yes, I'm quite fond of it in the abstract," he bantered. "I love to watch it in others, or read of it. Nothing like it, in fact!"

She ignored his flippancy. "Don't you sometimes long to do daring, resolute things—to bet your life against a venture?"

"Well, I'd hardly commit myself, that far," he confessed. "This life is too pleasant and satisfying and altogether desirable to take any chances with. If you don't mind, I'll continue my own sweet existence like the butterfly or the song bird, greeting each day with music, and trying my little best to make people happier by my presence." He tapped his chest. "In me you see a convinced pacifist."

"For a clever man you are most essentially stupid at times," she said.

"No, I'm not," he retorted quickly. "But I like you too well to pretend an interest in your romantic mood. Courage isn't a rare flower. Most men possess it to a certain extent. Real heroes have been usurped by the movie directors."

"You'd like to be a frightful scuffer, big man, but you're not convincing. I fancy you'd so forget yourself as to do brave things if you had the chance. You would now, wouldn't you? 'Fess up!"

Sheridan laughed nervously and dropped his hat.

"Good night," he gulped.

THEY were returning from a dance at one of the hotels. The night was fine, and Marie Louise proposed a walk home by the roundabout shore drive.

Sheridan was frankly tired. He walked on without speaking, but now and then he stole a glance at the little beauty beside him—perhaps to flag his drooping spirits.

Presently they came to a lonely stretch just before the road swerved away from the lakeside. A thick growth of trees and bushes ran along one side; on the other, many feet down the sheer face of the cliff, boomed the black waters of the lake. The girl shivered a little and drew nearer to Sheridan.

"I'm glad the moon's so bright," she said. "This place is mighty spooky!"

"Little heroine!" he murmured, with a smile.

"It is spooky," he said, and in his voice there lurked a note of tenderness scarcely appropriate to the commonplace remark. She instinctively recognized the new tone and cast a half-timid, half-eager glance at her sobered companion, who was plodding along with compressed lips and hands clenched in his pockets.

Twice Sheridan started to speak, and twice broke off with a cough or a sputter. Finally, mastering his embarrassment, he began:

"I haven't known you very long—as time goes—have I?"

At once her pulse started beating telegraphic danger signals.

"In your mind, no doubt," he went on, speaking with evident difficulty. "It is merely a passing acquaintance; a summer's friendship that dies as the summer dies. But with me it's different. I feel that I've been waiting for you. When I met you your thoughts, your instincts, your likes and dislikes were all so congenial to mine that I sort of accepted you as a part of my life—like a twenty-first birthday or an incipient mustache."

He was toying with a white glove.

"You see, I've known you for a long time—ages before we were introduced—just like the twenty-first birthday or the mustache. I seemed to be aware that when the time came you just must happen along. But you are more wonderful than the birthday or the mustache!"

"You are the most wonderful being I have ever encountered," he went on. "I know what your ideals are, and I know I fall pitifully short of them. But all that I have, all that I am, all that I ever hope to be, I lay at your feet; for I love you!"

She was looking up at him with her hands on her breast. He covered one of them with both of his, more in a grasp of good faith than an embrace.

"I love you very dearly, Marie Louise!"

Marie Louise sighed. Her heart raced and pounded till she thought she must hear it. Her eyes were blinded with ecstatic tears.

"Oh!" she whispered, placing her free hand on his arm. "Oh, please, please wait! I—I can't speak."

Her head was bowed, and he bent down till he could feel her hair in his face.

"Marie Louise—darling!" he breathed. Two men stepped through the trees into the road. They were a rough looking pair. Both wore masks. Both had guns. They looked as if they needed their masks and knew how to use their guns. One of them addressed the lovers. "Stick up your hands!"

It was grotesque, unreal; like telling a ghost story at high noon. But the man dispelled any illusion of unreality by an admonitory wave of his gun.

"Stick 'em up, quick," he ordered, "or I'll creak yuh!"

Sheridan reviewed in a flash the possibilities of resistance.

He noticed the distance between the robbers and himself. He entertained, and immediately dismissed, the idea of springing upon the nearest. He considered an attempt to wrest the gun from the one that approached to search him, and to beat the other one to the first shot. And in the end—like most sane men, heroes included—he followed the promptings of his horse sense. Marie Louise, who had felt the arm beneath her touch grow rigid, and the form contract, had her hand shaken off, and saw his arms slowly raised above his head.

"Remember, there's a lady."

That was all that he said, and he moved in front of her.

The highwaymen lost no time in vacillation. The smaller one, a typical pick-pocket, wizened and ratlike, handed his gun to his partner and with a deftness

born of practice stripped Sheridan of his watch and purse and studs, and even his gun links.

"You can go now," said the larger, tougher one, who had stood guard. "An' keep yer face in front of yuh, young feller. Don't look round behind yuh, or we'll use the gat on yuh!"

Sheridan waited for Marie Louise to precede him, and they started on again along the road. The girl appeared distraught. He held his peace, thinking to give her time to regain her composure before saying any words of comfort or assurance.

So they continued on their way, neither speaking, until they had ascended the veranda steps of her home.

"I hope you're not upset, Marie Louise. It was really nothing much. My trinkets can easily be replaced, and there was no actual danger. I knew they wouldn't shoot if I behaved; so you mustn't mind."

He smiled, but she turned on him in a fury.

"You coward!" she gasped. "You— you coward!"

She turned away and ran upstairs.

Marie Louise was a brave girl, but she was a coward.

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He nodded at the enclosure created by the Japanese screen. The girl's lips drooped dejectedly and under the queer pallor had arisen. She clutched the limp purse desperately and darted a glance over her shoulder as if meditating the possibilities of flight. The Russian's amber eyes never left her face. He understood the conflict, and his full, sensuous lips twisted with amusement beneath their covert of heavy beard.

BUT the hunger-pangs of her healthy young body knew neither scruples nor sentimental niceties. "If you'll pay me—something on account," she faltered. "I haven't had much to eat lately. In fact—"

"In fact," interrupted Androsky sharply, "you're half starved. I saw that as soon as you came in. Yet there are any number of ways that youth and beauty can acquire funds. Do you think because you haven't availed yourself of them that you are a martyr—or merely a fool?"

"We needn't discuss that," retorted the girl with crisp frigidly. "As I understand it, you are offering me work—as a model. I don't have to assent to your philosophy."

"No," replied Androsky. There was a peculiar gleam in his big eyes. "You don't."

He turned and groped about for charcoal. The girl withdrew behind the screen. Long after the last frilly thing of lace and ribbons hung from the little copper rod across the screen she stood there, trembling and fearful. To walk out like a white marble figure suddenly come to life was terribly hard. She visualized the steady scrutiny of those deep, gold-flecked eyes, and the slightly sardonic twisting of the full lips.

Then, grasping the black purse bravely, she stepped out into the sunshine glare of the room. Against the somber folds of the curtain she looked rather small and very young. Into Androsky's eyes came the veiled, impersonal stare that he used professionally with young and frightened models. It redounded to his own benefit by making them more plastic and less self-conscious.

"Admirable!" he said aloud. "Admirable! Intelligence and beauty! Foolish, however, to have cut your hair. It doesn't matter here, but as a sacrifice of woman's crowning glory it shocks my esthetic sense. Why did you have it cut?"

"I thought it was the smart thing to do," she explained. It was a relief to be able to talk about something. "Others were doing it. It was a sort of badge of emancipation, I thought."

"From what little common sense you possessed when you came," grunted the sculptor. "Please raise your left shoulder a trifle and look over it."

The piquant little countenance presently stared over the berry-brown shoulder.

"Elevate the chin a trifle," he commanded brusquely, "and thrust your right arm out more sharply. I want an attitude of utter contemptuous amusement."

The girl obeyed directions. As in a trance she watched the play of the highlights in his long reddish-brown hair as he bent over the sketch. Two or three passed under the deft fingers and were tossed off on the floor. Then he rose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Excellent," he declared. "The pose is magnificent. I won't have to idealize at all."

"Except the expression," she corrected. "I know I can never get the effect you want."

"I know you can," he contradicted. "I am going to effect the proper psychological transmutation. When you have my viewpoint it won't be difficult to alter your splendid features into a very derisive laugh! Tonight we'll do the Night Court—as spectators. And this—on account."

He groped in his trouser pocket and extended a crumpled bill. "I'll call for you at 10:30 tonight."

He donned the black hat again and sauntered out and downstairs. Beside the tawny tiger skin, white as a summer cloud, crouched the "Grieving Circassian." The girl walked over slowly and stared down at the chiseled limbs of the Russian's wonderful creation.

"I wonder," she said half aloud, "how many flesh and blood 'Circassian Slaves' have crouched in the same place, supplicating, perhaps—and sobbing?"

Turning swiftly, she fled behind the screen. On the way out she picked up the peculiarly heavy purse from the table where she had left it. Strangely enough, she reflected, she had not felt the need of any protection after the first few moments. Perhaps, after all, the jealous ones had lied about Androsky. He, at least, objected to hunger even in others.

Quite by chance she met Leighton as she turned north on the Square. He smiled. "Come on over to the Flemish Oven," he said. "I got a check this afternoon, so the bronze clock is out of danger."

She acquiesced gladly enough. Over the red tablecloth he looked at her very intently. "Our friend Androsky—did he perform?"

The girl flushed. "I—I performed," she admitted. "He thinks I am an excellent model. He—he was very respectful. I think the stories about him were—pretty highly colored, don't you?"

Gordon Leighton nodded gloomily. "Perhaps," he assented grudgingly. "But just somewhere that 'where there is smoke,' etc." and don't jump at conclusions. I will pay this one tribute to Androsky—he is assuredly a real genius. That is something when you consider that this throng—he indicated the chattering clientele of the Flemish Oven—"are nearly all simon-pure shams."

Eileen followed his gaze guiltily. She recognized her prototypes in the queer creatures with low heels and studio jackets and eccentric costumes. Not one of them had made a name, nor were they even on the threshold of success. Their reputation was curiously involved with queer stories and strange gossip. Each was known in what they chose to call "the Quarter" for some eccentricity of taste or morals.

"I shall not need you again," he said. "Yet I tell you now you will come back. It is because, perhaps—I love you!"



Within their own tiny world they were real entities. But the commendation of their kind signified nothing when translated into the terms by which the world gauges success. Each professed to see genius in others that others reciprocally might see genius in them. It was a queer sort of make-believe, with the ultimate stakes only a very real disillusionment.

Leighton seemed to divine her thoughts. "I don't want to indulge in a preachment," he said, "but after all isn't there a great deal to be said on behalf of—Omaha?"

The challenge fired her Celtic blood. "No," she declared stoutly, "there really isn't. Perhaps—after many false starts—one may still gain his objectives. Isn't the Square quite circumscribed by successful people?"

"It is. But they are successful despite, and not because of, their environment. It is a great lesson learned when one realizes that neither environment nor costume has any connection with talent. Ability plus hard work plus perseverance equals a measure of success. 'Color' seeking plus costuming plus sham represents the equivalent of self-hypnotism and absurdity. Do you think any of this nondescript array are any the less self-seeking because they chatter glibly about 'humanity'? Do you think that their knowledge of art is the more genuine because they intersperse their conversation glibly with stock technical terms?"

"Look at that chap with the collapsible chin and the hectic cheeks. He writes 'free plays' for the various local 'little' theaters. I have contrasted his work with that of the legitimate playwrights. What his satellites call 'genius' and 'daring' is really nothing but a

strong stomach for messy sex themes and an insatiable appetite for mulling over subjects that a normal person willingly leaves in the psychopathic wards and hospital clinics. Here he is a miniature celebrity. Put him on at Fifth Avenue bus and drop him off at Forty-second street and you deposit him in a strange land. Yet only two blocks west is the real theatrical heart of America. There the real playwrights, the big producers, the famous stage stars, are to be found.

"Do you think that he really scorns them—that he prefers to enact his own plays in an empty loft, lit with candles and frequented by a few of his boon companions? Or do you think that he produces them there because the real worthwhile theatrical men have found his productions wanting? Do you think that the girl next to him is actually the more remarkable because of the fading purple jacket or the scented cigaret? Or is she merely more tawdry?"

IT WAS manifest that Leighton expected no answer. He rattled on too rapidly, his gray eyes alight with earnestness. Between Leighton—whose stuff was so vulgarly "commercial"—and brought big prices—and the coterie whose paintings were "true art" and valueless, a feud obtained. Leighton's blue serge suit was always faultlessly pressed. He wore an ordinary four-in-hand tie, traveled with the few real notables in his section of town, and mercilessly tongue-lashed all poseurs within hearing.

"Where today is the 'cubist' movement?" he continued. "It has vanished because the war has made the world serious again, with a truer sense of

values and less patience with foolish eccentricity. Imagine Rembrandt or Michelangelo asked for a criticism of 'futurist' art! That is the spirit that has created our artificial bohemia. Because the Paris Latin Quarter has a certain spontaneity and romantic iniquity it is the pattern for all of these shams."

His keen, searching analysis of the motives that bring romance-seeking girls into the Village squared so shrewdly with her own ideas that it left her feeling somehow spiritually naked, really more abashed than when bodily so under the scrutiny of Boris Androsky. It was a distinct relief when the stolid waitress brought in the table d'hôte fare.

She ate with ill-concealed eagerness and Leighton was content to smoke and sip red wine and watch her. Afterward a constrained silence descended upon them. He offered her a cigaret and, mindful of his criticism of the girl in the purple jacket, she took it, defiantly, and made a pretense of smoking. He smiled and snapped his watch open.

"Due uptown in an hour," he said.

Afterward in her own shabby little room she envied him that heira uptown. It meant mingling again with regular people, with the worthwhile element of the great city. She waited beside the window, strangely homesick, watching the lights and shadows in Washington Square, with the crowded benches and screeching children and gesticulating Italian mothers from adjacent Little Italy.

Androsky came at 10 and talked until almost 11. Then together they wended their way eastward, across lower Broadway and into an unfamiliar territory. It was the place of the Night Court's sordid drama. She sat well in the rear, instinctively huddling up against her companion's imposing figure. The accused women were led by her, frightened, insolent, youthful, defiant, aged and iniquitous.



like a coward. He hadn't quaked; his teeth hadn't chattered; his voice had been firm, his speech coherent and unexcited. In fact, she began to see that he had kept his head remarkably well.

Had she been too hasty in her judgment? Was her creed of bravery really a twisted one? In fact, was it possible to think of an explanation and a reconciliation?

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III.

THE next morning, when Marie Louise appeared for breakfast—a late breakfast—he was tramping up and down the room like a trouper on stilts.

"I suppose you can stand two hours without crying, or fainting, or anything like that," he blustered loudly, watching her over his glasses.

The girl glanced up in excited curiosity and apprehension.

"No use crying or going off in all sorts of hysterics," he was grumbling. "No use at all!"

The grandmother came over and drew one of Marie Louise's hands into her own withered one, and patted the girl's shoulder.

"It's Sheridan," he began. "After he brought you home last night he met with an accident—got into a fight with highwaymen. He was shot. They shot him all to pieces, and he's going to die!"

The grandmother felt Marie Louise relax in her arms, and feared that she had swooned; but the girl merely gasped and muttered in a queer, frightened voice:

"They shot him all to pieces, and he's going to die!" Then she nodded to the rear admiral. "Go on, daddy—tell me about it!"

She seemed enveloped in the same gloomy darkness. Her head throbbed in a maddening way. She felt a choking sensation, which not only compressed her throat but crawled down and clutched at her very heart.

But she must be brave! She would not faint—she was determined upon that.

She heard confusedly the rear admiral's jerky, disjointed recital.

"Don't know what possessed him. Must have been crazy—just crazy, that's all. Heard it from Jamieson himself this morning, and he said that the lad must have been crazy to do it. Wam't a

"Oh, oh!" she quavered, "they've shot him, and he's going to die! And I'm going to die, too, daddy—because I love him!"

chance to get away with it; there were two of them, and they both had guns. He must have been a fighter, though—just a crazy fighter, I guess!"

"You see, Jamieson was held up last night on his way home from a late party. Just where the road turns off from the lake, you know. Two men with guns jumped out and held him up and rifled him. Hardly believe it, would you? Never connect thugs with a place like this! Must have been working on one of the freighters. Anyway, just then Sheridan came round the turn, and one of the men covered him and told him to stop; but, Jamieson says, he just laughed savagely and jumped at the highwayman. Of course the fellow blazed away and shot him once or twice; but, Jamieson says, he came right on and closed in as if he'd never felt the bullets. They went down fighting, and tussled all over the road. The other chap was jumping around to get a shot at Sheridan and to keep his eye on Jamieson at the same time. I suppose, if the worst came to the worst, Jamieson would have waded into the little rat who was covering him; but in another minute he heard a motor coming toward them, and the robber heard it, too, and bolted.

"There were three men in the machine, and it took their combined efforts to pry Sheridan off the hold-up man. He had him by the throat, and had almost choked him to death. Nearly gone himself, too; coughing and spitting blood. Well, they secured the robber and rushed Sheridan to the hospital. You'd think it was Jamieson's own son, he feels so badly about it; and, bless my soul, so do I!"

The rear admiral removed his glasses and brooded for a moment.

"I went over to the hospital as soon as I heard it. He got pegged four times, and two of the wounds are mighty bad—one in the stomach and one that they think went through a lung. He was a very dear friend to you, honey—a very dear friend to us all, and I'm afraid he's going to die!"

She was a murderer—that was as plain as day. Her pettish taunting had made Sheridan throw his life away.

As the hideous reality of what she had done bit its way to her brain she struggled from her grandmother's arms and staggered to her feet.

"Oh, oh!" she quavered. "They've shot him, and he's going to die! And I'm going to die, too, daddy—because I love him!"

So she fainted, instead.

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IV.

FOR more than a week a forlorn little maid spent the best part of each day just outside a door in a hospital corridor. For more than a week she alternately drooped and muttered at the varying reports of a game that was in progress on the other side of the door, where a man was fighting with death.

One day a tired doctor came through the door with news; and a dear old lady who had been with the little maid most of the time wept profusely. A blustering old gentleman who had also been in regular attendance, tramping up and down the hall, uttered several explosive ejaculations.

The next day she was allowed to peep for a moment through the door at a lined, unshaven face, a trifle less white than the pillow that supported it. The patient was asleep, so he did not see the tears in her eyes.

When at length they pronounced him strong enough for a visit, she was ushered in, to behold him shaven and shorn and rather glorying in a chaste dressing robe of heliotrope hue. Both the patient and his visitor were shy.

Marie Louise, seated so close that Sheridan could smell a perfume which brought back vividly the night of the dance, had lost her power of speech. Against her will she stared, fascinated, at a heliotrope shoulder through which, she knew, a bullet had torn its course.

"If only he would speak!" thought she.

"If only she would say something!" thought he, discovering new wonders in her hair and her eyes and her mouth.

Marie Louise raised her eyes and caught his, which were fixed hungrily on her face.

"Does—does it hurt—much?" she stammered, indicating the shoulder. "It's stiff," he confessed. "This one's all right."

"This one" was the one nearest to her, and the hand belonging to it was stretched outside the counterpane, not far from her own hand.

"You've been very good," he said slowly, with his eyes down, like a bashful boy. "They told me how thoughtful you were. And you sent flowers and things—and inquired—and everything—just as if you were my people." He stroked a heliotrope tassel with the hand outside the counterpane. "I have no parents or relatives, you know, and the flowers and things—and you took such an interest—even when I was almost over the edge. I feel a gratitude that I can't very well explain, lying here like a useless invalid."

"I was rather out of my head for a while," he went on, not heeding her. "When I came round your flowers were about the first things I saw clearly."

You've no idea how they bucked me up. Do you know?"—he was twisting the tassel nervously—"I believe an illness of any kind brings out the feminine qualities in men. I was lying here last night, feeling mighty lonesome and blue, and the nurse brought in your flowers—roses they were; and—and the scent of them brought back thoughts, you know. It made me so miserable and so happy that—I couldn't help it—I cried. I actually cried like a girl." His face was averted. "I thought I was a man, but I guess I'm pretty much a baby."

Marie Louise had slipped to her knees and buried her head in the counterpane, very close to the tassel and the hand.

"Oh, no!" she sobbed. "You're not—you're not a baby. You're a hero! And I'm a wretch for what I said that night. Oh, won't you please, can you ever—can a hero ever forgive a little fool?"

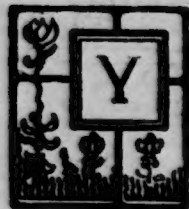
The wound in his shoulder pained him when he moved, and he had three others scattered about, so I don't know how he did it; but in some way he managed to shift his head over until he was near enough, and then he kissed her. He kissed her on her little ear, because her face was hidden.

"I'm not a hero—I'm a lover, and you're my sweetheart," he murmured, and repeated, and kissed that little ear again.

"THE LAUGHING MAGDALE"

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by F. McNelly



YOU'RE not the right type for my mural stuff," said Leighton. "It's a fresco for a theater in Harlem, and the doughty old burghers have never heard of any treatment other than the usual Psyche and roses' stuff."

Fannie Rumber said she'd drop in this morning.

"I'll be cultivating some mythlike lines myself," asserted the girl in the doorway. "It I can't land something pretty soon."

Leighton looked at her very intently. The wide, weary blue eyes met his glance with rather too great an assumption of easy assurance. Beneath the lopsided "tan" her bobbed hair shone black and glistening. The short velvet jacket and gray dress adorned a figure of excellent proportions that just escaped slenderness.

"You didn't come here to—to do this sort of thing," said Leighton accusingly. "What was it first?"

Under the Brighton-acquired tan a red flush mounted to the jet lashes. "Poetry, and higher aspirations—and the development of my psychic self."

Leighton smiled. "It just doesn't seem to get over, this tradition-busting stuff, does it?"

The girl in the gray dress shook her head. "No," she said. "Did you ever notice the crowd at Sally's place of an evening? Anarchists and dreamers and fakers and painters and just plain 'bohemians'? They represent eighty-seven methods of elevating the soul of the race—but their best performance, nevertheless, is queerly identified with the destruction of Sally's beefsteak and short-cake!"

Leighton nodded.

"Well," said the girl, "I got 'hep' too late. I know now that I can't write poetry. I know that I never will. But in the meantime I have to go on eating. My 'psychic' self doesn't seem to have any great financial standing in the community. So I—I've been posing—for the figure mostly—for the last three or four months. Two years ago I wouldn't wear a one-piece bathing suit!"

Leighton set his palette down on the table and turned round upon his stool. "As I done these cases," he suggested gently, "there's generally a farm back in Vermont or elsewhere that disillusioned amateur bohemians can always return to."

"Only this time its five rooms and a bath—in Omaha," said the girl. "And folks who attend Hibernian picnics and wear shamrocks and can't believe that a girl who has run away from home has any moral right to—to sort of corrupt the younger kids. There's five of 'em."

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I SEE," said Leighton. There was a moment's silence, during which he leaned over and groped in the pockets of his coat. His face was red and his expression rather chagrined when he turned around. "I've been a trifle short myself," he confessed. He took a quaint little hammered bronze clock and thrust it in his pocket. "Come on," he suggested gayly. "We'll hit for Sally's ourselves—dropping in on Levenstein en route."

The girl shook her head emphatically. "Hock it if you have to," she counseled. "But no fairy godmother stuff on my account. I've got one more bet. It's—Androsky."

"Boris Androsky?"

"Yes," she answered defiantly, reddening under the tan. "He says that he can use me all summer. I came here because—because I thought the work might be easier. Sigma Hanson says his studio is a regular oven."

"It should be," assented Leighton. "It's the garret of that Alpine structure on Tenth street. But that isn't the best reason for keeping away from Androsky. I can think of worse consequences than sunstroke."

"I'm not afraid of him," declared the girl impetuously. "I'm not afraid of any man. For heaven's sake don't start the brotherly advice stuff!"

"Methinks the lady protests too much," quoted Leighton solemnly. "Nor is it only the simple and evading kind that have had occasion to regret Androsky's offer of employment. Agnes Ren-thrall, for instance, had been a flon tamer—a real one. But the bronzed-bearded savage on Tenth street seemed to triumph just the same. She used pruned acid or some such messy stuff."

"I've heard about it," admitted the girl. She snapped open the purse. Within, companion piece to the pitifully little pocketbook, was a blue envelope. "If he ever touches me I'll kill him," she declared.

"Why should the world's Magdalens weep?" asked Androsky. He crumpled one who laughed. A studio story with real atmosphere!

"He won't touch you," demurred Leighton. "At least not until you're perfectly willing. Therein is the essential charm of his system. His bulk is not a menace. It is his eyes, his smooth throaty monologues, his disdain for the conventions. If you don't hit it off with him—or do, too well—look me up."

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THE average Greenwich Village studio building—seats in the order of its tenants on an inverted pyramid of attainment. Below are the successful vendors of stories, poems or canvases, comfortably ensconced within the play of the anæsthetic radiators. Upstairs, where the heating qualities of the rattling pipes are supplanted by the merit of good intentions, are those who have been less successful. Here in laminated poverty reside the long-haired youth who finds that the radical magazines will accept his stories gratis and the financially reputable ones not at all; the girl who has had the temerity to cut her hair before realizing that *vers libre* is a decadent drug on the literary market; the pallid Russian youth whose pastoral sketches are spurned by the same editors, eagerly translating Tchekov's masterpieces; the fame-seekers from the hinterland; the impetuous youth who has confounded perspiration with inspiration and translated both into desperation; the misfits and incompetents, puppets of a radically sneering Fortune.

The fifth floor of such a structure, a great blank garret, was Androsky's. Androsky had come unheralded. His first appearance in the Purple Pheasant created a furore. The giant Russian resembled the famous bronze Moses, with his titian curls hanging long on either side of his pallid, massive face. They who seek out celebrities—however miniature their scale of grandeur—to bask in the meager radiance of reflected glory, cultivated Androsky.

Perhaps it pleased Androsky. Maybe it only amused him. He never alluded to it. But he sent out a call for models and models came. They clambered up the narrow and gloomy five flights and clustered about the door. War had made slack seasons follow each other in rapid succession. Slender, almond-eyed Jewish girls, trim and vivacious, came out of the squalor of the East Side; plump, olive-skinned Italian lasses forsook the noisy mazes of Little Italy, south of the square, and came to offer their wares of golden-sheen skins, and soft contours; sloop-eyed French girls rubbed elbows with blue-eyed Irish colleens; chorus girls, "filling in" between engagements, stared superciliously between beaded lashes at tremulous neophytes driven by parental edict to a new and awesome task.

One by one they entered at Androsky's bidding. They found themselves in a great lullulike room, hung with gorgeous banners and festooned with antiques. All about the room were strange forms draped in wet cloth wrappings, bronze nymphs, plaster busts and small marble blocks from which semblances of human form were emerging delicately as dream mists.

Androsky himself sat straddle of a chair, his bare elbows resting upon the back and his massive jaws lowered upon his arms. His somber orange-amber eyes swept very delicately over the candidates.

"For the figure it is," he rumbled. "If you should wish it—" He nodded toward the little screened inclosure. The applicant withdrew and returned shortly. For a brief minute she stood limned against the black velvet hangings, mercifully revealed to the critic's eyes by the full play of the flooding sunlight from above.

Then without expression of regret, without tampering courtesy and without thanks, Androsky would shake his leonine head.

"No," he rumbled. "Be so good, please, as to dress quickly. There are many others."

On that first occasion he selected a little tow-headed lass from the Bronx, a former salesgirl with flat shoulders and a straight, boyish figure. Six months later the girl—in an evening dress and hanging upon the arm of a famous film star—recognized her own likeness in the

rose tights of a great hotel fountain. Androsky had "made" himself—and her!

After that others came in rapid succession. Not all fared as well as the boyishly slender ribbon clerk from the Bronx. To be Androsky's model came to be a sinister thing. Caly strange, uninitiate girls came, shrieking timidly into the great garret studio and coming out again with eyes that burned bright and hard or stared forlornly through gathering tears.

Eileen O'Grady knew many of these things, and her quick womanly intuition sensed the rest. But, though her heart-beat quickened from hunger and the unwanted fatigue of climbing five flights of stairs in murky gloom, she knocked resolutely enough. Within there was a creaking of springs and a gruff command bade her enter.

Androsky was sprawled out upon a couch draped with a great tiger skin. His blue silk shirt was open at the throat and a slouch hat was pulled well over his eyes. He puffed at a brown cigaret and thumbed a paper-bound novel. At his feet crouched his "Grieving Circassian," an exquisite nude depicting a woman prostrate upon a mat, sobbing in an abandon of grief.

The sinister symbolism was startling to the girl. The tawny tints of the tiger pelt and the orange glint in the great amber eyes seemed to fascinate her. For a long time neither spoke. Then the man sat up. He thrust one stocky limb quite carelessly over the faultlessly chiseled shoulders of the crouching slave girl. The novel he tossed into the corner.

"Well?" he rumbled.

"I heard," said the girl slowly, "that you were contemplating work that would require a different model."

"Yes," he responded dreamily. "I suppose it is as you would have it—a different model. That last one—a serpentine devil of a Hungarian Jewess—might have done, but she lacked soul. I used her for 'The Fallen Favorite.'"

"I—I have heard of 'The Fallen Favorite,'" remarked the girl timidly. "It—it was sold to Vance Hallinger, wasn't it?"

"For five thousand."

Eileen O'Grady remembered the twisted, drawn countenance of "The Fallen Favorite." Rumor was rife about the methods used to create that tortured expression. Two or three times the model—discovered in a Bleeker street sweatshop—had crept down the stairs crying hysterically, but always clutching a crisp bill in her small hands. Androsky, it seemed, paid well—paid, in fact, out of all proportion to time and established rates.

The sculptor's voice drew her gaze from the white marble form crouched literally at his feet. "It paid well," he was saying. "All of these things pay well." He kept his arm in an arc that encompassed the whole studio. "Conventional things," he sneered heavily, "bought by cowardly conventional people. This"—he indicated "The Grieving Circassian"—"has been purchased by Howard Alden-Kent for the court of his Long Branch mansion. He bought it because crouching women are a commonplace in art. Everywhere they have been done. Grieving women and laughing children and resolute men—always the same!"

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THE girl's face was pale from hunger and exertion, but beneath her very straight black brows her blue eyes gleamed with feverish brightness. Androsky stared at her and resumed.

"I came poor," he said. "Because of that I had to do the usual slavish things. Now I am not so poor. But that does not matter. I am going to execute my greatest work—for myself. Perhaps for a few other courageous souls who do not care. I am going to shock the conventional. I am going to create a woman who doesn't crouch!"

His eyes gleamed with fanatical enthusiasm. He stood over the startled girl and fairly poured out his theme. "Look," he said. She followed his glance in the direction indicated. On a little easel across the room was a canvas. Eileen recognized it readily as a crude copy of "The Weeping Magdalen."

"I did that when a boy," he said. "When I, too, was a slave to superstition and convention. I thought it was a great picture. I thought it was a wonderful thing that a woman—a regal, beautiful woman—should crouch at the feet of the Savior and weep because the instincts of the flesh had made her the prey of men. Only when I grew up did I realize the absurdity of it—the crass chicanery of sentiment in the matter."

"I kept it because I wanted to create its counterpart—in marble. I want a woman beautiful, wanton, defiant. I want her looking the world in the face, bravely, defiantly, and laughing at the Pharisees with their canting morality and their murdering stones. I am going to create a Laughing Magdalen!"

"A Laughing Magdalen!" gasped the girl. "Why—why that would be blasphemy, wouldn't it?"

"Aye," he roared. "Blasphemy. Blasphemy to you—with your narrow philosophy and convention-clad perspective! But truth to one whom the archaic legends of nineteen centuries have neither confused nor daunted! I have sought long for a model. I have stood in the Night Court when the usual pitiful group is collected before an obtuse, cynical judge."

"I have seen the modern Magdalens brought in—women of the street, pinched, wan and weary. I have seen them cowering before the bar of 'Justice'—man-made justice—whimpering weakly and thinking up feeble lies and inadequate subterfuges. No doubt the first Magdalen was such as they. And the men who made her so and the women who sneered at her and gathered their skirts away were the first to appear with a demand that she be stoned."

"Today we still stone her—not with wayside pebbles, but with hypocrisy and laws and smug complacency. And because she is ignorant she doesn't realize that her cowering plea for forgiveness is a mockery. She doesn't know that the world should be seeking her forgiveness. But a woman of rare genius would know that. And because genius is a cynical thing such a one would laugh."

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HIS great voice, rising with the gusts of his passionate scorn, roared through the studio. "I—Boris Androsky—will make a Laughing Magdalen! Yesterday, as usual, I sought my model in the Night Court. I watched the plain-clothes men—sent out as bait, because their promise of favor means food and lodging to those who supplicate it—bringing in the spoils of the night's questing. One girl among the number, her implish face crusted with cheap cosmetics, laughed at the judge."

"Don't spring the old line, judge," she said. "Just say how long and let it go at that. I know I'm a menace to society and a reproach to my sex. But I also know that the same human nature that makes men brutes and liars makes me want to eat." Against her garish cheeks her black eyes were as hard as the facets of diamonds. That was the spirit I wanted. But when I would have moved up and offered her employment the outraged court roared, 'Ninety days!' And I realized that I had lost."

"For my purpose you are even better. Her brave stand was rather bravado than conviction. I realized suddenly that she wasn't speaking from deep conviction. Her shallow brain had never probed the matter. She had just heard it somewhere, and because she was half-hysterical with terror and discouragement she had mouthed it gloatingly in court. That was all."

"Your countenance mirrors the education and refinement that circumstance has endowed you with. That is fine. You are not a regular model, eh? I thought not. No doubt you are yourself an artist or writer on the lee shore of luck? I pay double for brains. Is it agreed?"

"Please—please let me think," entreated the girl. She stared rather helplessly about the room. What would her folks think? She remembered the sermons at mass wherein the repentance of the first Magdalen had been held up as a wonderful thing. What would they think of the bitter, brutal philosophy that laughed at that repentance and the place it held in scriptural tradition? Then she caught a glimpse of her face in a tiny mirror over the farther mantel. The bobbed hair glistened in the sunlight. That was her badge of surrender! She couldn't go back—that way. The red lips pressed themselves into a thin, bloodless line.

"All right," she said succinctly. "It's a figure affair, of course?"

Androsky nodded. "Today," he said, "I shall block out the theme in two or

Literary Man as Practical Reformer

The International Sunday School Lesson For October 28 is
 "Ezra's Return From Babylon."—Ezra 8: 15-36.
 Vivid Picture of These Times

By William T. Ellis.

Now that it has grown so notably the fashion for literary men to enter the sphere of practical politics and reform, it is especially suggestive to study the career of a more distinguished literary man than they all, who lived a half a century before the beginning of the Christian era. This famous author bore the name of Ezra, and he might have lived the congenial life of a bookish recluse amid the prosperity of Babylon. Instead, he chose the distasteful hurly-burly of administrative work, sacrificing himself for what he considered the greatest public cause of his time.

Ezra is one of the giant figures of this romantic period which has bulked so largely in Jewish and Christian history, and which of late years the spade has been digging up from beneath the arid soil of Mesopotamia. Ezra came to a place of power by sheer native force. He had a visionary's dreams, and an executive's practical abilities. His administrative capacity transformed his dreams into political realities.

A Nation In The Furnace.

"All ships look stately except the one upon which you ride," says the proverb. It is hard to perceive the importance and meaning of one's own age. Even in the tremendous days of the present, some persons are heedless of their import. So the Jews who lived through the period of the exile into Babylon did not understand the big meaning of it all. That it was a national furnace for the purification of the Jews is better understood now than then. The individual experiences of misery, of temporal prosperity, and of safety under the protection of the law of Babylonia, were all that the average Jews got out of the exile. There are Chinese in plenty who are troubled by the unsettled state of their land at the present time, but who cannot at all see that their nation is passing through its greatest crisis. The extraordinary unsettling of American thought in our day means to some persons that war is a disturber. They are blind to the larger interpretation of their times.

This crisis of the Jewish exiles consisted of the three deportations to Babylonia, the period of sojourn there, and the three returns—the first, already studied, the second under Ezra at a period eighty years later, and then the third under Nehemiah.

By Desert Ways.

The thought of travel in the desert appeals to every lover of the picturesque and the adventurous. Just as a caravan of camels on the sky line is a thing of rare beauty and stateliness, but common and unpleasant when seen close at hand, so these desert journeyings are made attractive by distance. The exiles could tell you that the camels are infested with vermin, and that there is no beast of burden which so racks its rider. These same Jews who had left comfortable homes in Babylonia, could tell of the choking misery of dust and sand storms; of the dirt, barrenness, and discomfort of caravan life. They could paint with many a graphic gesture the torrid heat of the desert at this time of the year.

To the spectator they were doubtless as interesting as the caravans which one may see today. I have watched the Persian pilgrims travel across the Mesopotamian desert;—on camel back, some of the children in panniers swung at each side of the beasts of burden; some on donkeys, the rich on horses, some on foot. The speed of the journey is the camel's pace—about three miles an hour. Probably then, as now, the camels were decorated with blue shells and musical bells. A devout Jew seeing the cavalcade set out from Babylon, would watch it from the heights as I watched an expedition set out across the desert from old Asshur. Did their imaginations foretell the testing times they were to have by the way, and the regretful thoughts they would send back to the fat land of Babylonia?

Literary, But Business-Like.

It is the visionary who aways the minds of kings, and it was Ezra, the scribe, who secured the favor of Artaxerxes for the return for some seventeen hundred exiles to Jerusalem. He won the good will of the government and secured immunity from taxation by the way, and the promise of help from local officials as well. In gifts the pilgrims bore with them, some aggregating more than two million dollars in Canadian currency.

That best business methods are thoroughly consistent with high idealism, was shown by Ezra's conduct with respect to this treasure. He had every shekel of it carefully weighed at the beginning of the

journey, the responsibility accurately distributed, and then he made an exact reckoning at the end. That sort of system should characterize every religious and philanthropic organization. Every churchman in a position of trust should demand regular and general auditing of his accounts. The model business administration of every community might most properly be that of the best religious organization.

The other side of Ezra's character came out when the questions of asking for guard arose. He had represented Jehovah as the ruler of nations, able to life up and to cast down. His fine sense of fitness of things, and his zeal for the honor of Jehovah, would not permit him to ask for an escort from the king. He took all proper precautions, and then trusted the Lord, which is true courage.

A Reform Gone Wrong.

It seems but a little time before that the main body of exiles had entered Jerusalem with mingled grief and jubilation; the sound of rejoicing over the laying of the foundations of the temple seemed still to be lingering in the air. The ecstasy of that occasion was fairly delirious, but, lo! Ezra finds little trace of it all. There has been a huge slump somewhere. Dreams have given way to "practical" measures. A tragedy has slowly been enacted, like unto that witnessed in our own times, when a young man who might have become a great poet, a great preacher or a great reformer, deteriorates into a mere millionaire. Jerusalem had insured its prosperity at the cost of its message.

Is there any worse calamity in life than to lose one's "gleam"? Thousands of high-souled young men and women are thus gradually becoming blind and deaf to the ideals which had once been as life and death to them. They have, perhaps, mastered fortune, but they have lost their soul's loftiest possession. Even so these returned Jews had found it good business to make alliances with the heathen. What a descent from the first sincerity of their purposes, when they had refused help from their contaminated brethren in building. As it is so often the case with the "practical man," his shortsightedness leads him to steps which really defeat his purpose. Had these Jews scanned a larger horizon, they would have recalled that they were voluntarily adopting the method which an ancient Assyrian conqueror had used to destroy the national integrity of the Jews. They were taking heathen wives and thus losing their identity as a nation.

The tendency to conform to one's environment and associates is as common a temptation as mortal meets. Ask the old resident in the East what he has seen befall newcomers. Wordliness always sits seductively at the door of the church, and usually she is invited inside. "Be ye not conformed, but be ye transformed" is the word for all chosen people. Some one says that the church is in the world, which is her privilege; but when the world gets into the church, that is her peril.

Cleaning Up The Town.

An evangelist has come to town. Why is this? Did we not have an evangelist last year? Is another revival necessary? Alas, and alas, so it is. There are few churches or communities that do not need frequent reviving. Jerusalem, which within the memory of living men had witnessed a great religious celebration, was now sorely in need of another spiritual experience.

She was in such bad case that it took all the courage of this man of books to meet the emergency. Ezra had a grip upon the law. That was his characteristic. He was not the sort of evangelist whose stock in trade is sentimental stories and shopworn pious phraseology. Emotional appeals would not do for Jerusalem, so Ezra laid down the law, and stern and irrevocable law of Jehovah which the lapsed city was violating.

Sugar Or Salt?

Some folks can't see why piety does not atone for lawlessness. Coatesville attempted to justify herself in the eyes of the world by pointing to her special religiousness. The world said, "prove it by convicting the criminals in your midst." But Coatesville had not religion enough for that. In this extraordinary perverted and dangerous separation between religiousness and loyalty to law lies a deep peril of our modern times. The Jews observed their temple ritual, but they kept heathen wives. Ezra understood that his mission was not to be sugar, to make himself agreeable to people, but to be salt, to purify and preserve

LORD NORTHCLIFFE DOING BIG WORK IN THE U. S.

(Continued from Page One)

department. Wars are won by money quite as much as by fighting. Troops cannot fight unless they are fed well, clothed well, and kept supplied with all the engines of destruction that are required in a campaign. Until the United States declared war Britain was the banker of those allied nations which could not entirely finance themselves. Now it is the treasury at Washington which is advancing the money for the purchases which the Allies are making in this country. The United States is not lending any money for general purposes, but only paying for the munitions and foodstuffs bought here and "chalking up" the account, to be squared at the end of the war.

Delicate Work Needed

Complex and delicate negotiations are necessary in this connection. The men who undertake these must be skilled, not alone in high finance, but also in diplomacy of the modern pattern, which substitute frankness for cunning and plain dealing for tortuous endeavors to deceive. The British emissaries have these qualifications in marked degree. Sir Hardman Lever, for example, is one of the most able and trusted officials from the British treasury. Basil Blackett is also from that department in London. Sir Charles Gordon and Mr. Brand I have already mentioned. All

these co-operate with Sir Richard Crawford, of the British embassy in Washington. Of course in all that it does the British War mission works hand in hand with the embassy, and Viscount Reading, who has left the bench on which he sits as lord chief justice of England to come out entrusted with a special financial task, will do the same. His duty is to direct the whole of the financial operations, to co-ordinate the finances of Great Britain, the United States, Canada and the other allies. He is accompanied by a British treasury official of high standing, Mr. Keynes, and by Col. Swinton, an officer of very varied talents, who has written most interesting and ingenious stories illustrating modern war, and who got most of the credit for the invention of the redoubtable "tanks."

These, then, are the chief directions in which the British War mission is employing its energies. It is toiling day and night to lay firm bases for the final victory over the dark forces of Absolutism and Oppression. This final victory, the entry of the United States into the war has made certain, but much remains to be done before it can be achieved. The British War mission is one of the agencies that are contributing vigorously to getting it done. And, incidentally, it is putting into the pockets of the people of America not far short of fifteen hundred millions of dollars a year.

This Girl Won a Prize of Five Dollars In a Nation-Wide Contest for Canning



Miss Helen Tew, of Washington, D.C., has been awarded check No. 1 for five dollars in the nation-wide contest conducted by the National Emergency Food Garden Commission for the best canned vegetables grown in war gardens. The commission, of which Charles Lathrop Pack, the pre-

sident of the American Forestry Association, is the head, is giving \$5,000,000 in prizes, apportioned to the various states, to promote food conservation and hundreds of war garden exhibits all over the country are applying for this nation-wide recognition of their work.

society. So he drove the terrors of the law into their consciousness until something like an epidemic of fear and remorse seized them. His note was borrowed by Sam Jones, who was forever urging people to "quit your meanness."

The sentimentalist would say that Ezra's demand that these Jews should relinquish their wives involved a hardship. So it did. Likewise it is always a hardship when the thief is deprived of his income. It is a hardship, however, to his family

when he is sent to jail. Whoever said that the wages of sin should be anything else than hard? To break the law always brings trouble; and often trouble to the innocent as well as the guilty. The cleaned up church creates havoc in some quarters, yet a clean church is worth all that it costs. Nobody doubts now that Ezra's stern measures were the means of preserving the life of the Jews, and in saving the returned exiles from a moral deterioration that would perhaps amount to the extinction of the Jewish people.

In the World of Woman

PETS OF FRANCE

Frenchmen love dogs, with little distinction as to breed, conformation, or color. Very often a village will have some feature predominant in its dogs, such as hound ears, dachshund legs, or an Airedale muzzle, a testimony as to the prepotence of some distant village sire. One seldom sees two dogs in France that look at all alike, which is also a testimony that each dog is his own breed, although many run to yellow, writes Robert Davis in the New York Outlook.

When a trainload of permissionnaires file out through the wicket at a depot on their way home from the front, about every third man is lugging a patient little tame dog. Oftentimes the men on leave have to wait from six to ten hours for train connection during this period of demoralized civilian traffic, and they will sit for hours motionless, in the shade or in the sun, holding their little dogs in their arms.

There is an old saying that a man must love something, but he must also enjoy the luxury of expressing his love by stroking, smoothing the cheek, kissing, rumping the hair of some person or thing. Lacking children, wives, or sweethearts, the men in the coils of military routine, engrossed by impersonal actions, keep a corner of the heart warm for the soft body of a dog. In the dullness of a defensive trench warfare men are taming birds, toads, ferrets, rats.

There is a certain comic contrast in seeing a dozen men seated on the grey barrel of one of their gigantic "35's," the most puissant article of bombardment they have produced, and in deciphering between their blue puttee legs the name painted along the side of the barrel; perhaps it is "Mechante Demoiselle," or "Cherie," or "Marie," or "Fanchette." When the gun is in action—such is the fantastic humor of the affectionate artillerymen—they constantly caress and scold their gun. They strike "Helene" in mimic rage, urging her to do better. They shame her by comparing her with the obedient little "Clarice." They pat her grim cheek, when the telephone reports that the range is right.

I had a ride in a locomotive which was entirely covered by the protective coloring called "camouflage"—the irregular bands and blotches of tan, indigo, and forest green. A hollow-eyed Gascon, limp from lack of sleep and unrelenting attention, who had been carrying his daily freight of food and ammunition for a year right up to rail-head, would not rest after the artists had decorated his engine until he had done a little coloring himself. From the side of the locomotive tender shouts at you in letters three feet high, "Loulo."

Last week I made a trip in a five-ton truck—the kind that can grind along on its double wheels in mud or rush up to its belly. The little Belgian who drove it told me at least eight times on the day's voyage that he had been 100,000 kilometres and as yet had seen no repair shop. As he swayed and rumbled along he was constantly addressing himself to some one other than his passenger. He seemed to be holding an imaginary repartee with "Deookle Dahrin." I was a long time getting his idea. One of his friends had told him it was the name given to young ladies in polite American society, and he thought that the best truck that ever came over from an America ought to have proper American name. So he was talking to his "Ducky Darling."

Marmalades

Grapefruit Marmalade—Shred very fine four grapefruit and two lemons. To each pound of fruit allow three pints of water. Pour the water over the fruit and let stand overnight. In the morning cook until extremely tender and then let stand twenty-four hours. Weigh and allow an equal amount of sugar to that of fruit. Heat the sugar in an oven. Let the fruit cook to the boiling point, add the heated sugar and boil until the syrup thickens in cooling.

Amber Marmalade—One orange, one lemon, one grapefruit, five pounds of sugar and seven pints of cold water. Wipe the fruit with a damp cloth. Do not remove rind, but cut each in quarters and then cut each quarter through rind and pulp into thin slices, removing all seeds. Let the prepared fruit stand in the water twenty-four hours. Cook five or six hours, or until the peel is very tender. Let stand another twenty-four hours. Add sugar and cook until it jellies when tested in a cold saucer. Turn into tumblers and seal.

Orange Marmalade — Wipe nine

oranges and six lemons and slice crosswise in as thin pieces as possible, discarding seeds. Put in a porcelain lined preserving kettle, adding four quarts of cold water. Cover the kettle and let stand thirty-six hours. Boil for two hours, add eight pounds of sugar and boil for another hour.

Orange Marmalade Without Peel—Allow twice as many oranges as lemons. Pull the peel from fruit and cut crosswise in thin slices, removing seeds. Chop the peel separately and tie loosely in a cheesecloth bag. Weigh the peel and pulp together, and to each pound allow three pints of cold water. Cover the prepared fruit with the water and let stand overnight. In the morning cook until the peel is tender. Let stand twenty-four hours, then take out the peel and gently press the liquid from it, adding the liquid to the pulp and water. Weigh and allow an equal amount of sugar to that of the other material. Heat the fruit to the boiling point, add the sugar and boil until the liquid drops in beads from the spoon. Store in a cool, dark place.

Christmas Cards

Now is the time to get your order in for personal Christmas cards. More and more within late years we have adopted the custom of having our own personal cards engraved and sending them out to friends. The Christmas card carries with it no obligations, as does a gift, and so it may be used at the holiday season to extend good wishes even to our slight acquaintances. Most of us think to order these cards just about as we normally would buy our supply of ready printed cards and then, of course, it is impossible to get our orders attended to in time and we put off personal cards till another year.

Probably Christmas cards will be more widely used this year than ever before; for many of us will wish to send this slight remembrance to the men who have gone to France or to the training camps, and many of us will wish to remember the families of these same men to at least this ex-

tent. So without being spugs we can make a wider use than ever of Christmas cards.

Most Christmas card dealers have samples of a good many different designs, some of them of a religious sort, some merely pretty pictures, some with a particular significance of a non-religious kind, and when you have chosen your design, your own personal name and greeting are engraved on the card. If you wish it your own card plate may be used for the name.

If you want to be especially individual in your Christmas card you may wish to follow the example of English royalty. The different members of the royal family send out personal Christmas cards, the designs for which are specially made for them each year. A few years ago one royal lady had a card showing an historic English queen doing deeds of Christmas charity. Now it is not at all likely that you have a famous ancestor—or someone as nearly your ancestor as an old queen of England is the ancestor of the royal family of today—but perhaps you possess some painting that you like especially and that you know your friends like. If so, you might have this copied for your Christmas card, or a sketch made of an attractive nook in your house or garden.

MAKING TOUGH MEAT TENDER

A teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar added to the water in which you are cooking a tough piece of meat will help greatly to make it tender. Add the acid just after the water begins to boil. A tough round steak that is allowed to stand in a mixture of two tablespoonfuls of vinegar for an hour before cooking will be found to be much more tender and improved in flavor.

BEEFSTEAK WITH VEGETABLES

Put a piece of steak in a baking tin, dredge it with flour, and season with pepper and salt. Almost cover with water and cook in the oven for 20 minutes, then cover it with onions thinly sliced and cook another 20 minutes. Next add a layer of tomatoes, sliced, and cook for ten minutes more. Take it from the oven, baste well, sprinkle grated cheese thickly over and return it to the oven to brown.

War Economy in Dress

Some of the progressive women of Canada are suggesting that there is as great need of dress controller as of food controller. One woman thinks that while most of Canada's women have borne the burden of war magnificently, there are altogether too many who have either lacked the courage to oppose fashion's dictates or the moral stamina to resist the fascination of frills and frippery. It has already been demonstrated that women are becoming almost over enthusiastic on the subject of the conservation of food, in which they face the grave danger of overdoing the matter to the detriment of their growing children, but the cutting down of her dress allowance does not seem to appeal to woman's patriotism as a war measure.

The Vancouver local Council of Women have taken up the matter of dress reform in very serious earnest, and Calgary and Edmonton ladies have spoken their minds freely, making practical suggestions, and many are not only talking but acting along these lines.

The enslavement of women to the dictates of fickle fashion is preventing them from doing the best of which their womanhood is capable in these days of terrible need and distress. A large number of men engaged in designing and making milady's wardrobe could be set free for overseas duty if the demand for new and distinctive models were not made by the women. Brightness of dress is needed these dark days, but simplicity goes hand in hand with good taste. To wear soft silks and dainty linens at \$5 to \$10 a yard, and shoes \$12 to \$18 a pair while there are maimed babies in France and starving mothers and babies in Belgium and destitution in other countries is not playing the game as our boys are playing it in the trenches. Conservation is largely woman's work, whether of food or of clothing, and when they see the light every loyal woman of Canada will find ways and means to cut down the cost of dress, and by so doing strengthen our arms for victory.

Department Store Demonstration Under Auspices of the Women's Municipal League, Boston, Mass.

